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Norm Mingo

MAD
NUMBER 394
JUNE 2000

PULL MY CHENEY
BY TOM CHENEY

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SHTOINK glink SKROINCH

NEED WE SAY MORE?

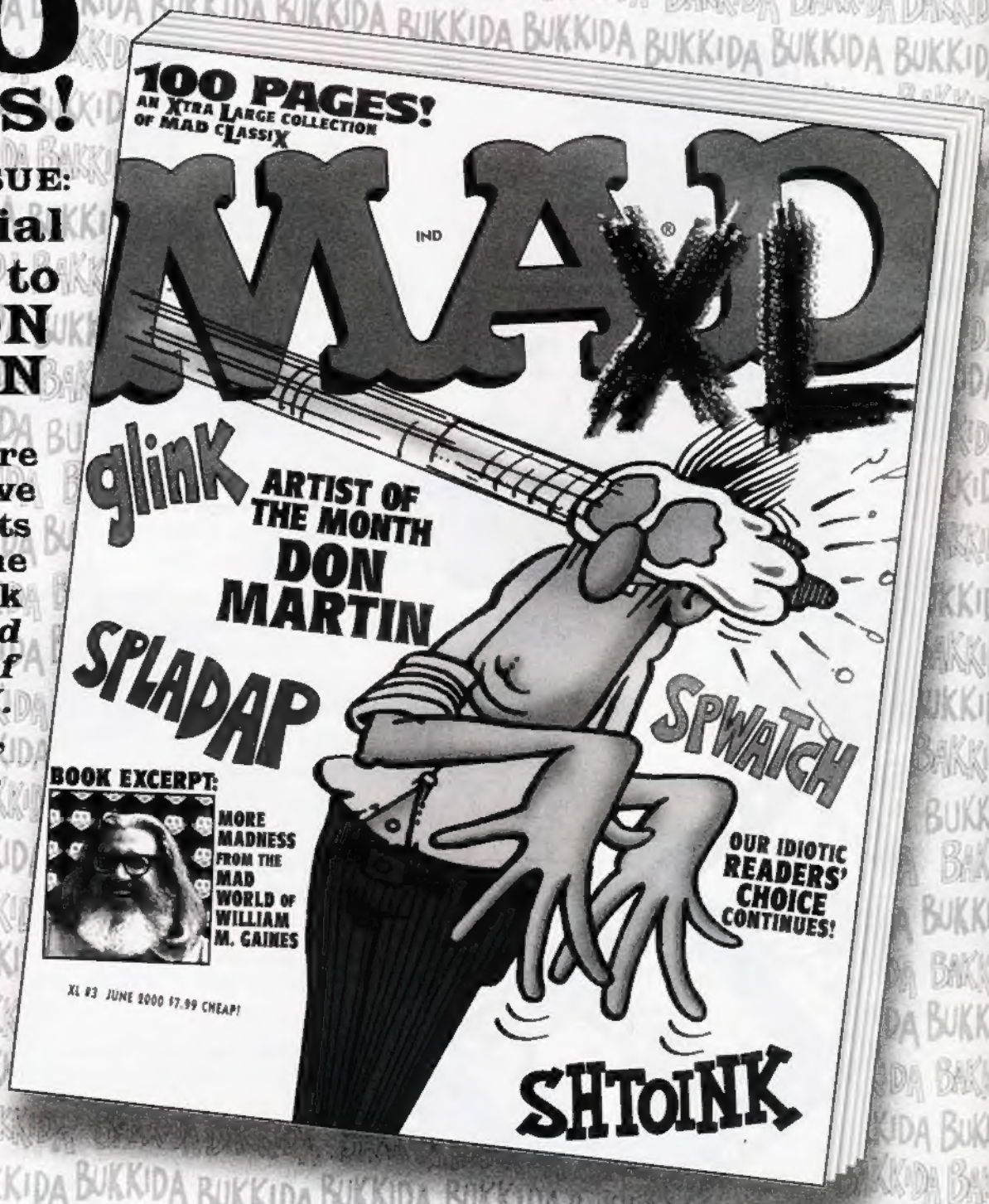
100 PAGES!

THIS ISSUE:

A special tribute to DON MARTIN

PLUS

- **More exclusive excerpts from the classic book *The Mad World of William M. Gaines*, with rare, never before seen photos and original artwork!**
- **Reader-Selected Favorites!**
- **And More!**



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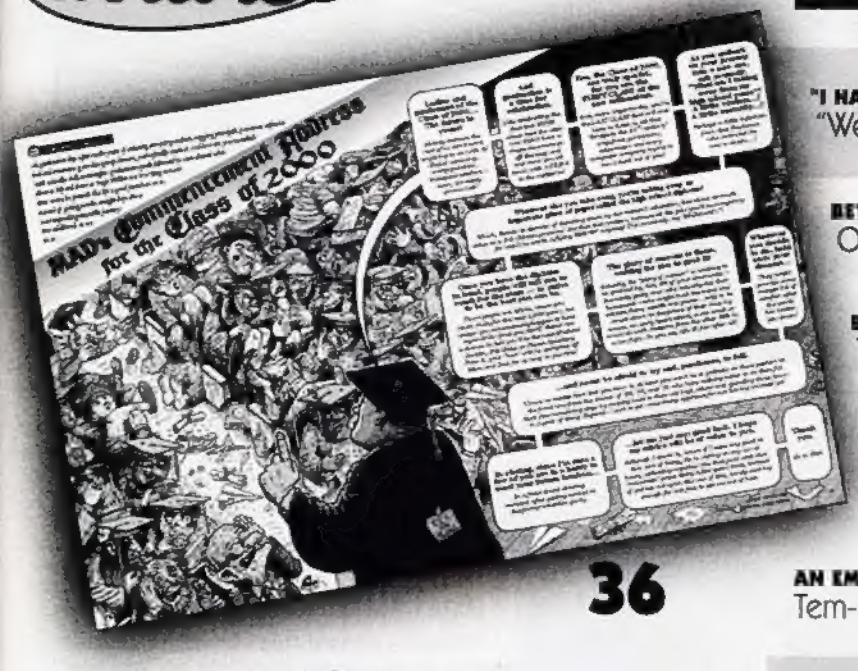
MAD



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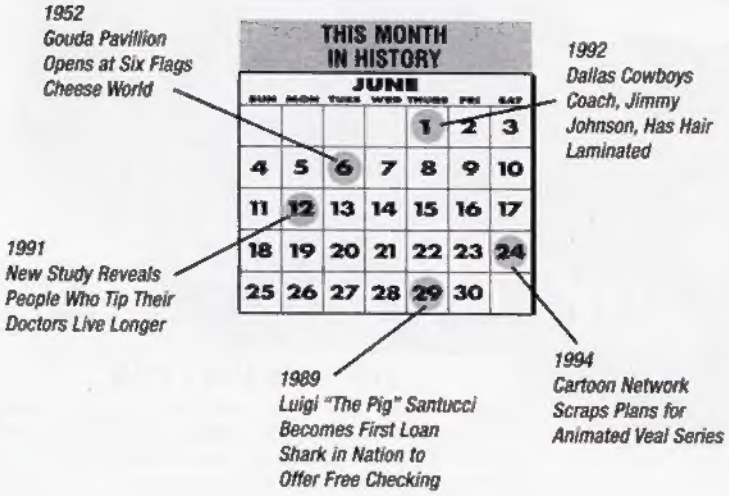
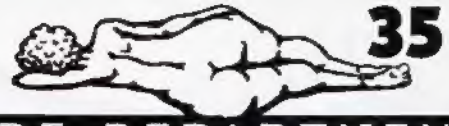

THIS MONTH IN HISTORY
JUNE
SUN MON TUES WED THURS FRI SAT
1 2 3
4 5 6 7 8 9 10
11 12 13 14 15 16 17
18 19 20 21 22 23 24
25 26 27 28 29 30
1952 Gouda Pavillion Opens at Six Flags Cheese World
1992 Dallas Cowboys Coach, Jimmy Johnson, Has Hair Laminated
1991 New Study Reveals People Who Tip Their Doctors Live Longer
1989 Luigi "The Pig" Santucci Becomes First Loan Shark in Nation to Offer Free Checking
1994 Cartoon Network Scraps Plans for Animated Veal Series



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FRONT COVER ARTIST: RICHARD WILLIAMS

HOW TO REACH US

Please Address Correspondence To: MAD, Dept. 394, 1700 Broadway, New York, New York 10019. MAD welcomes reader submissions. Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope! MAD doesn't read faxed submissions!

SCHOOL DAZE

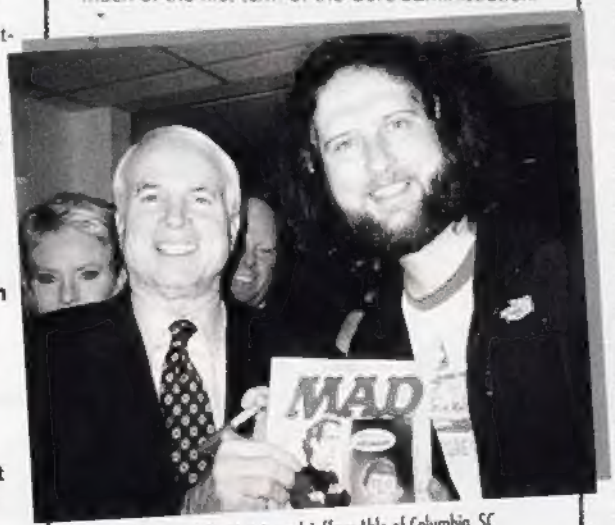
As I sat here staring blankly at my Pre-Calculus homework, the bane of my existence, I wondered for the zillionth time: What is the point of math, especially Calculus and Algebra? I then remembered an English assignment that I still hadn't done yet, which was to write a letter to a magazine. The answer became perfectly clear: Write MAD and see if they know the point of math. Also, if you print this letter, hopefully I will get a better grade in English than I have in Pre-Calculus. By the way, what is the answer to $\text{Log}_2 (4^2 \cdot 3^4)$?

Ryan Healey, Dryden, MI

Heals — We write the following with much trepidation. The simple fact is there is a code of silence, an oath that must be taken for all those who enter adulthood. The penalty for breaking this oath is death. Nonetheless, we break it here today because we care about you, Ryan Healey. Here is the truth: Calculus doesn't matter. You will never, ever, under any circumstances, have a practical application for this mind-numbing numbers crap. Likewise, all those dates you have to memorize for History — garbage. Unless your big plan in life is to become a contestant on *Jeopardy!*, you will never need to know that Columbus set sail in 1514, or that the 100 Years War ran from 1864-1952. Ditto dissection of frogs, French and anything by that English-as-a-second-language-hack, Shakespeare. There you have it, the cat's out of the bag! See ya on the honor roll! —Ed. P.S. Please keep this between us and don't show this issue to any of your student friends! —Ed.

MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS

Last issue we quoted Senator John McCain saying "As you know my dear friends, Alfred E. Neuman is a national hero." No sooner did we print it, then – bam! — this Celebrity Snap arrives in our mailbox. Congrats to Jeffrey Able of Columbia, SC for his three-year subscription, which coincidentally will run through much of the first term of the Gore administration!



Senator John McCain and Jeffrey Able of Columbia, SC

DOLLARS AND NONSENSE

I am a long time reader of your trade journal, MAD magazine. I find your publication both entertaining and informative. However, I have noticed a lack of financial content. I would like to see more coverage of Wall Street, economic and capital market news. Financial issues have become more prevalent in the media. I think that MAD could parody risk pricing methodologies and that your readers would appreciate some derivative and call option humor.

Mark Glitto, Esq., Via madmag.com

Glitter — It's rare that we receive a letter that so accurately pinpoints our editorial shortcomings. Rest assured that we have shared your comments with the highest levels of this organization and have already taken steps to correct our lack of financial-based comedy. Here's a sneak peek at an upcoming article, "You Know You're a Derivative and Call Options Geek When...": 1) Your computer has an Alan Greenspan screen saver; 2) You've been slapped with restraining orders from Maria Bartiromo, Alice Rivlin and Louis Rukeyser; 3) You once sold gold futures short in an attempt to cover Yen options which had a call of 30 and a buy of 13 over a three-day holiday with markets closed and overseas trading heavy to fund an IPO debentures offering in a cyclical despite unemployment figures indicating otherwise! See ya on the street! —Ed.

THE MAD UGLY CAR

Gentlemen, start your engines! Racing fans, cover your eyes! It's the NHRA MAD Ugly Car coming to a speedway near you! Visit the MAD web site (www.madmag.com) for a complete listing of the 2000 race season. See you in the pit!

FAX MAD AT (212) 506-4848!

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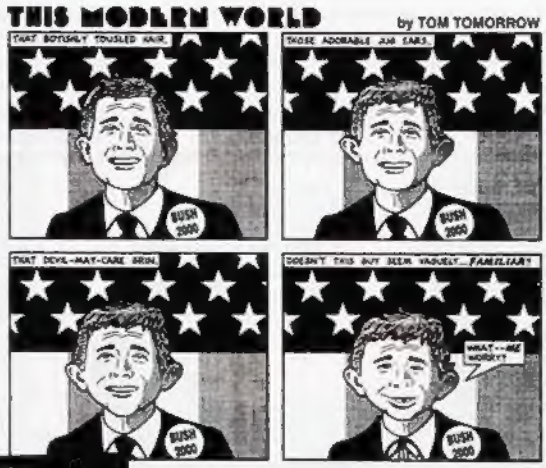
BUSH LEAGUE POLITICS

'Tis the political season and more than one person has pointed out the striking physical resemblance between George W. Bush and MAD's own *What, Me Worry?* kid, Alfred E. Neuman. Actually, their physical resemblance is just the beginning of the eerie coincidences between George W. and Alfred E.! Fact: Bush's first name contains six letters, Neuman's first name contains six letters. Both Bush and Neuman use a middle initial as part of their whole names. Both Bush and Neuman have run for President and both had trouble generating much enthusiasm as a candidate! Bush has no comprehensible foreign policy and is thought of by most as an intellectual lightweight. Well, perhaps this is where the comparison breaks down!

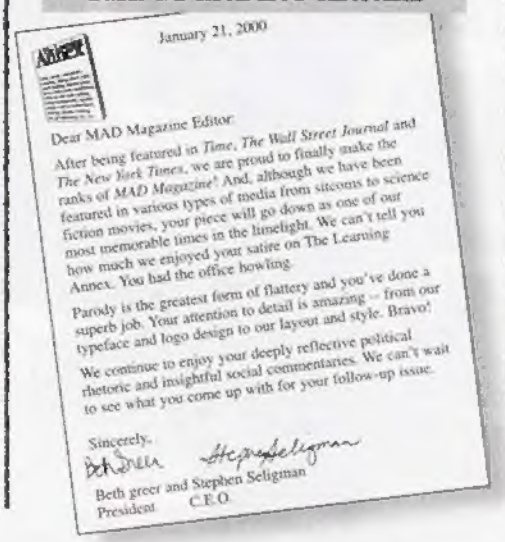


Reading counterclockwise: AP photo of Bush holding an Alfred statue in which someone replaced one idiot grin with another; the cover of *The Fairfield County Weekly* February 10, 2000; and a Tom Tomorrow cartoon in which it's obvious Tomorrow had no ideas that day!

MAD MUMBLINGS @aol.com

Rick Tulka should draw cartoons for *Hustler* — thelma pickles...Love your mag. I thought I would grow out of it. I was mistaken, thank God! — Marchan210...What would happen if I plugged my mouth and nose while I sneezed? — Ben Keller...Being insecure makes you turn pink — Bunnie2567...It is virtually impossible to baptize a cat — Ittzings...Sometimes at night I like to think about what fish would look like if they had feet — Smudge76...Maps spelled backwards is Spam — MikeDog999... Did you know that an egg and a tire can make a boring day fun? — DIEHARD861...Never say "I am the king of all I survey" in a port-o-potty — STDestroyer.

"THE SPENDING ANNEX"



January 21, 2000

Dear MAD Magazine Editor:

After being featured in *Time*, *The Wall Street Journal* and *The New York Times*, we are proud to finally make the ranks of *MAD Magazine*! And, although we have been featured in various types of media from sitcoms to science fiction movies, your piece will go down as one of our most memorable times in the limelight. We can't tell you how much we enjoyed your satire on The Learning Annex. You had the office howling.

Parody is the greatest form of flattery and you've done a superb job. Your attention to detail is amazing -- from our typeface and logo design to our layout and style. Bravo!

We continue to enjoy your deeply reflective political rhetoric and insightful social commentaries. We can't wait to see what you come up with for your follow-up issue.

Sincerely,

Beth Greer and Stephen Seligman
President C.E.O.

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founder

Jenette Kahn
president & editor-in-chief

Paul Levitz
executive vice president & publisher

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Contributing Artists And Writers
the usual gang of idiots

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What do you call a busload of thirty lawyers falling off a cliff? A good start! What do you call a cast load of six lawyers going through the motions in a lame legal melodrama? We call it...

THE

I'm **Bibby Donutt!** I run the Boston law office of **Donutt, Yank, Doll & Frappe!** Our motto: "Give us the **scum** of society and we'll keep them **out of jail** and **on the streets!**" We specialize in the **bizarre!** Got a **severed head in a bowling bag?** Give us a call! Got a **dead dwarf glued to a prostitute? We're** your team! It's gritty work! Every day I deal with **tortured souls, neurotics** and **sociopaths!** They're my **partners** and **employees!** Let's meet them!

I'm **Huge Gene Yank!** My partners often question our belief in what is **right** and what is **wrong!** I don't question! I **KNOW** we're **wrong!** But we'll defend you anyway! You want **bail – no problem!** You want to cut a **plea bargain** deal – **no problem!** You want **justice** but don't have our $300 an hour legal fee — **big problem!**

I'm **Tribecca Wishbone!** I was a **secretary,** then worked my **butt** off going to **law school** at **night** to become a **partner** with this firm! Now that I've succeeded, I realize something — I've hitched my wagon to a **team of idiots!** I should've gone to **hairdressing school!**

I'm **Jumbo Berloophole!** I do the **grunt** work. I look like I belong in the **Bada Bing Club** with the **Sopranos,** not in a Boston law firm! I started my career **chasing ambulances.** I huffed and puffed! Couldn't catch them! Fortunately, I have a **car** now!

FOUNDER

LAWYER CUP

LAW AND ORDER

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER
WRITER: JOSH GORDON

MALPRACTICE

I'm **Hellion Grumble**, an **Assistant District Attorney!** I represent the **Commonwealth!** I've appeared in **chambers!** For a brief time I appeared in **Bibby's chambers!** I'm decent, honorable, I play by the rules! In **this** series that **hurts** me **greatly!**

I'm **Lindseed Doll!** I'm the "**cute**" one in this firm! I'm **intelligent!** I'm **tough!** I'm skilled in a **courtroom!** I can **open**, I can **close**, I can **cross examine** with the best of them! And if **that** doesn't work, I've got a **rack** like **Jennifer Love Hewitt!**

I'm **Loosely Hatchett!** I'm an **outspoken, kooky, ditzy** legal secretary — just the traits **clients** are **looking for** in a respectable **law firm!** I do **improbable things.** Like yesterday I drew a **happy face** all over a **subpoena** in a **triple homocide case.** They were sorta pissed! **Hellooooooo!** It's like, **loosen up,** guys!

I'm **Ellenbore Frappe!** I'm a **lawyer!** And a **damn good one!** I'm also an **Emmy winning actress!** I deserve **respect!** I have confidence the **staff** at **MAD** won't go for the **obvious, cheap** route and do **nothing** but **fat jokes!** **Fat chance!**

MAX

KORN

Qi DRUCKER

What's on our **freak show**, uh...I **mean** our **schedule this** week?

We've got a **waiting room full** of **clients**: A **deadbeat dad** bitten by a **Rotweiller**, a chain-smoking **porn star attached** to a **respirator** and a **man** with a **cloning machine**!

Let's go "**under-stated**" this episode... **send in the clone**!

Let me get this **straight**! You've **cloned** the **Boston Strangler**?!

Yes! He's **back**, and he's **more violent** than the **original**! We **desperately** need a **defense lawyer**!

Why us?

No **respectable legal firm** will **take** the **case**! That's why we came **here**!

Is there the **slightest chance** he's **innocent**?!

Not the **slightest**! He's a **brutal**, **bloody maniac**!

Good! We can **work with that**!

So **here's** what we **have**...a **ruthless serial killer** who has **choked**, **tortured** and **maimed** sixty-two **innocent people**!

So **how** do we **play this**?

Simple! Let's try to **reduce** the **charge** to: "He's a **little out** of **line**"!

This is **wrong**! I don't think we should be **defending monsters**!

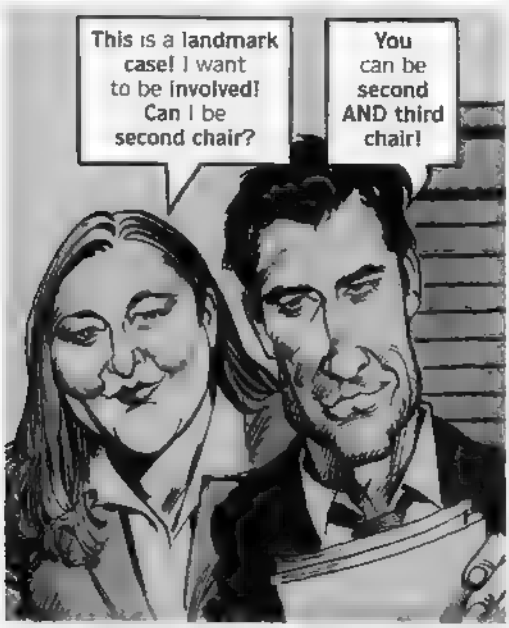
As a **partner**, you have **every right** to **disagree**! That's what we **do** here at **Donutt, Doll & Frappe**!

You just **left** my **name out** of the **partnership**!

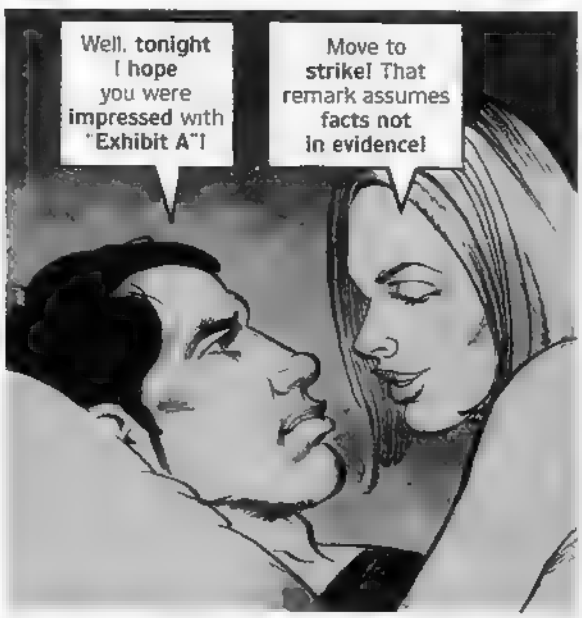
Oops, oh my, **did** I?!

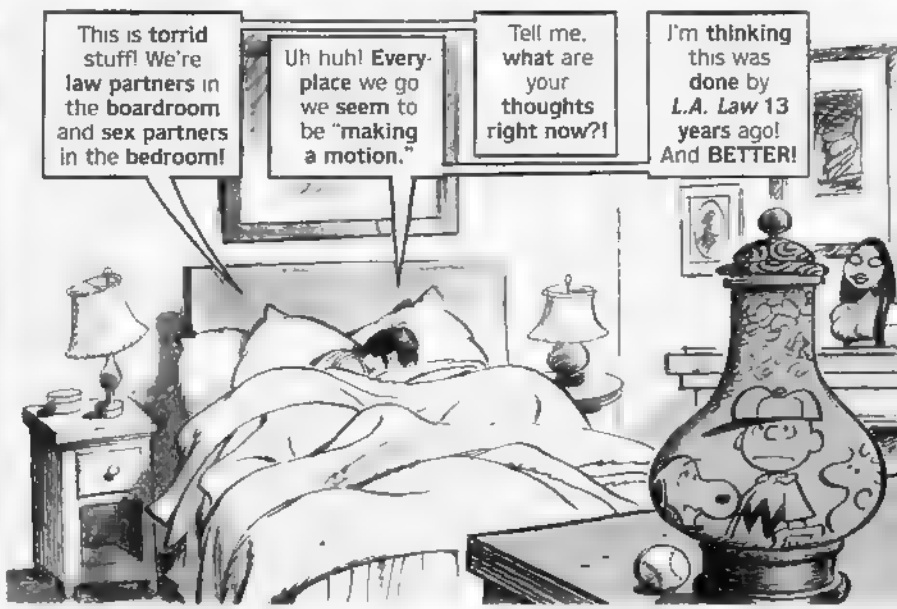
There **goes** Bibby **again**! He's in **deep** "**brood mode**"!

Somebody should **clue** him in that "**brooding**" is **not** the **same** as **acting**!


This is a landmark case! I want to be involved! Can I be second chair?
You can be second AND third chair!

Look I'm fat! Now get over it!
I'm tired! I'm tense! It slipped out!
So, can I work the case?
Sure! You can give closing arguments! You'll be terrific!
Do you really think so?!
Absolutely! I think you'll be humongous for us! Oops, "slippsies" again!


Well, tonight I hope you were impressed with "Exhibit A"!
Move to strike! That remark assumes facts not in evidence!

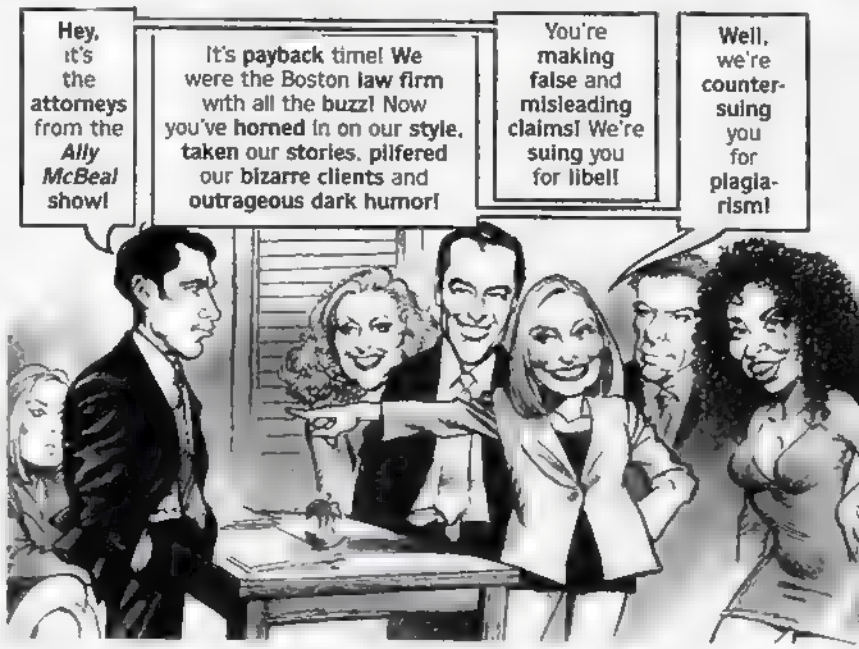

This is torrid stuff! We're law partners in the boardroom and sex partners in the bedroom!
Uh huh! Everyplace we go we seem to be "making a motion."
Tell me, what are your thoughts right now?!
I'm thinking this was done by L.A. Law 13 years ago! And BETTER!

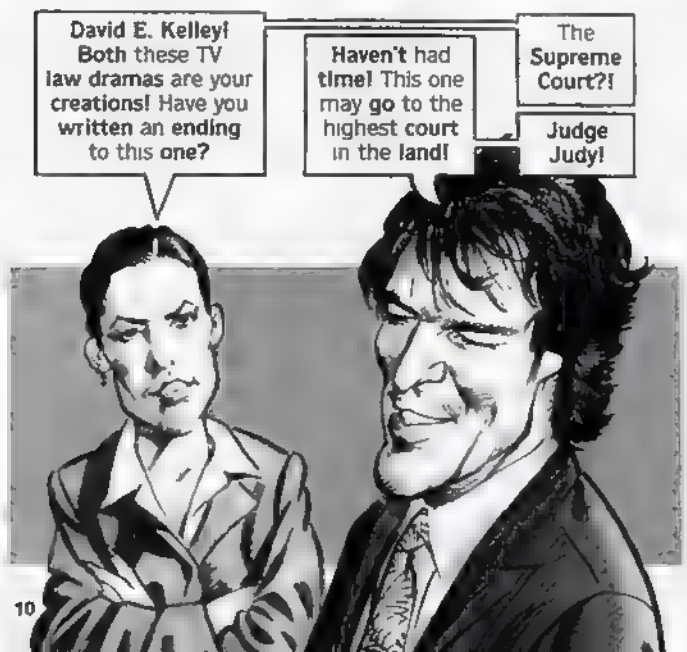
What is your name?
The Boston Strangler Part 2!
Your real name?!
Alfred "The Choker" DeFacto!
Your occupation?!
I kill and maim and choke and torture and...
Okay! Okay! I object!
On what grounds?!
Diminished capacity!
You're claiming your client is insane?!
I'm claiming WE are for taking this case!

This is not going well!
Let's go to "Plan B"!
May I approach the bench?
Yes, but gingerly! It's not bolted down!

RUMBLE
Quake! Quake! Act of God! We call a mistrial!
RUMBLE
RUMBLE

Well has the jury reached a verdict?!
Your honor, on the advice of our lawyers we refuse to render a decision!
What? There's no precedent for this! It screws up the trial... and the TV episode!
Exactly... Our plan is coming together perfectly!


Hey, it's the attorneys from the *Ally McBeal* show!
It's payback time! We were the Boston law firm with all the buzz! Now you've horned in on our style, taken our stories, pilfered our bizarre clients and outrageous dark humor!
You're making false and misleading claims! We're suing you for libel!
Well, we're countersuing you for plagiarism!

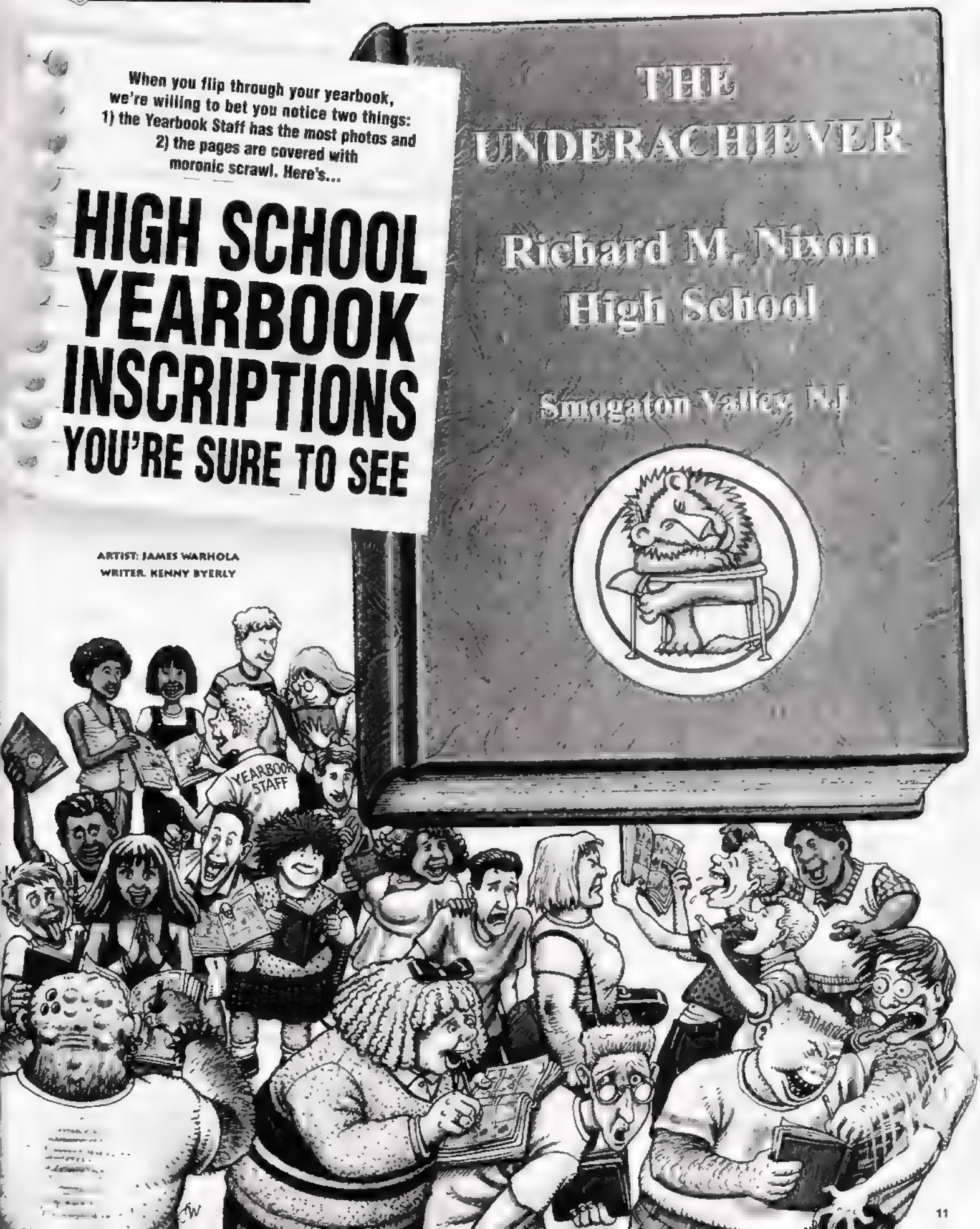

David E. Kelley! Both these TV law dramas are your creations! Have you written an ending to this one?
Haven't had time! This one may go to the highest court in the land!
The Supreme Court?!
Judge Judy!

Come on! You want a piece of me?!
You ARE a piece of me! It's called my left pinky!

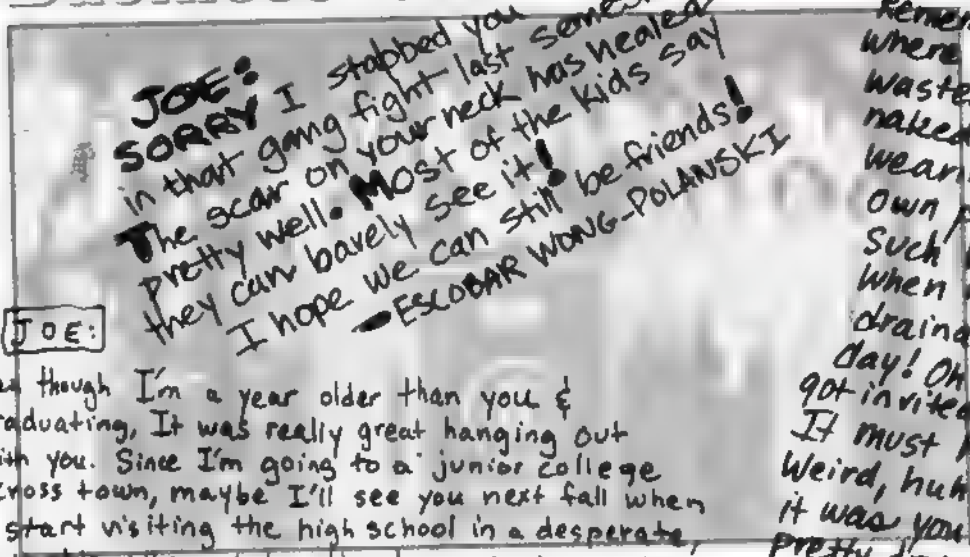
When you flip through your yearbook, we're willing to bet you notice two things: 1) the Yearbook Staff has the most photos and 2) the pages are covered with moronic scrawl. Here's...

HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK INSCRIPTIONS YOU'RE SURE TO SEE

ARTIST: JAMES WARHOLA
WRITER: KENNY BYERLY



Business Club

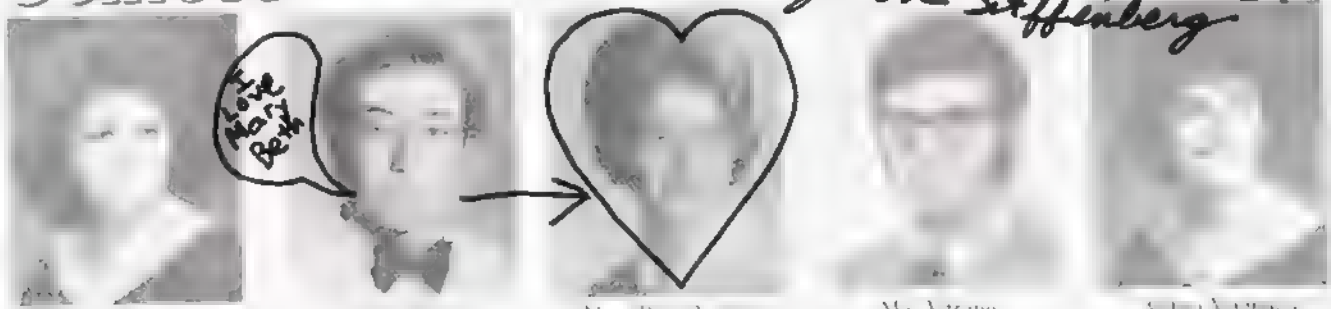


JOE: SORRY I stabbed you in that gang fight last semester. The scar on your neck has healed pretty well. Most of the kids say they can barely see it! I hope we can still be friends! —ESCOBAR WONG-POLANSKI

JOE:
Even though I'm a year older than you & graduating, It was really great hanging out with you. Since I'm going to a junior college across town, maybe I'll see you next fall when I start visiting the high school in a desperate, pathetic attempt to cling to my past. — chris.

Whass'up Joe? It's been a wild year, man. Remember that one party where both of us got so wasted, we ran screaming naked across the freeway wearing nothing but our own puke? Both of us got such WICKED hangovers when we woke up in that drainage ditch the next day! Oh wait, you never got invited to parties — It must have been someone else. Weird, huh? I could've Sworn it was you!! I must have been pretty drunk. Have a good summer, whoever you are. Jason Stiffenberg

Seniors



Deborah Schmitzelman — Mary Beth Reineke — Mic Vitrano

JOE: I KNOW I'VE BEEN A COMPLETE DICK TO YOU ALL YEAR LONG, BUT SINCE THIS IS YOUR YEARBOOK, I THOUGHT I SHOULD BE NICE AND SAY THAT I WISH YOU NOTHING BUT THE BEST OF LUCK IN YOUR FUTURE ENDEAVORS. BESIDES, YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE BEEN PRETTY STRESSED OUT LATELY, SO IF YOU SUDDENLY SNAP AND START SHOOTING PEOPLE, I'D LIKE TO BE ON YOUR GOOD SIDE! REMEMBER, AIM AWAY FROM ME!!! —YOUR NEW FRIEND, PAUL

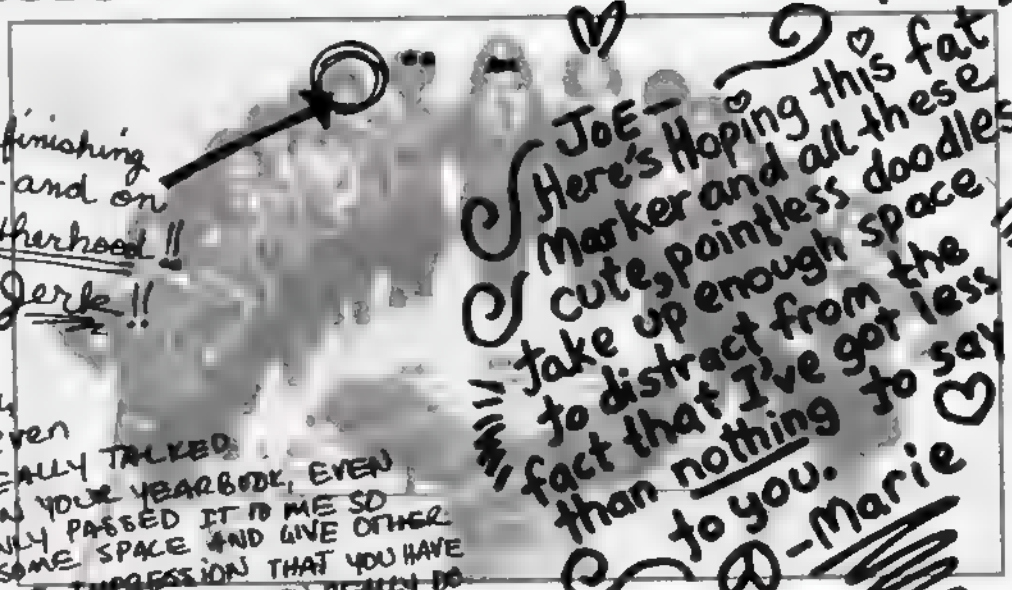
ME, PAUL (YOUR NEW FRIEND)

Hey Joe, eating lunch with you this year was cool. At least, until some popular people asked me to sit with them. Sorry about bailing, but I realized that hanging out with you was kind of a social dead end.
—Tim Cloverleaf

Ben Dover — Suzanne Peterkin — Francis Albertson — Theresa Eastbrook

Cheerleaders

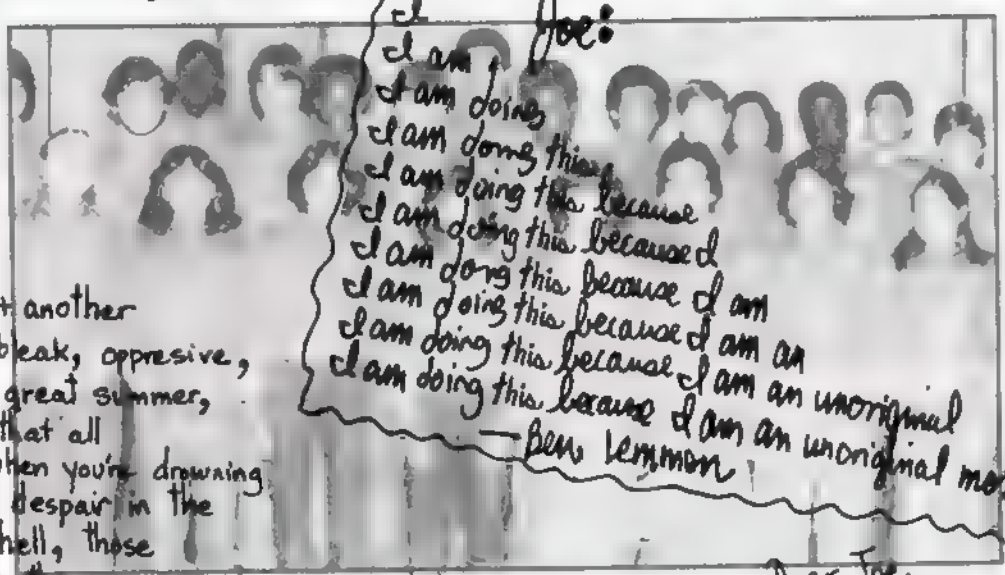
Dear Joe,
Congratulations on finishing your junior year — and on your impending fatherhood!!
I'm Pregnant, you Jerk!!
-Elizabeth



Joe —
Here's Hoping this fat Marker and all these cute, pointless doodles take up enough space to distract from the fact that I've got less than nothing to say to you.
-Marie

Hi Joe —
IT WAS GREAT HAVING YOU IN MY CLASSES, even THOUGH WE NEVER REALLY TALKED. AND I'M HAPPY TO SIGN YOUR YEARBOOK, EVEN THOUGH I KNOW YOU ONLY PASSED IT TO ME SO I'LL TAKE UP SOME SPACE AND GIVE OTHER PEOPLE THE IMPRESSION THAT YOU HAVE MORE FRIENDS THAN YOU REALLY DO
ERIC GRAPPLEHOOK '00

Marching Band

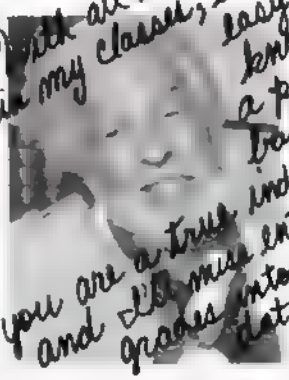


Joe:
I
I am
I am doing
I am doing this
I am doing this because
I am doing this because I
I am doing this because I am
I am doing this because I am an
I am doing this because I am an unoriginal
I am doing this because I am an unoriginal moron.
—Ben Lemmon

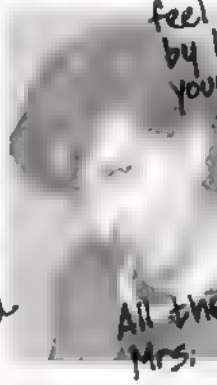
Joe,
Another year gone, another year closer to the grave. Congratulations on yet another milestone on your way to a bleak, oppresive, meaningless future. Have a great summer, if you must, but remember that all happiness is fleeting, and when you're drowning in the tear-flooded pit of despair in the bowels of your own private hell, those pleasant memories just make things worse.
Hope you enjoyed class this year.

Faculty

Mrs. Slouch
Kojarski
Slouch



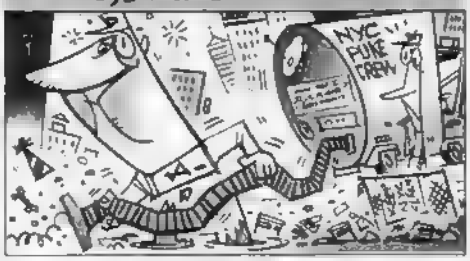
With all the students in my classes, it's not easy getting to know kids on a personal basis. But you are a true individual, and I'll miss entering your grades into my database.
Best Wishes,
Mr. Hamstand



Dear Joe,
I appreciate your effort to make me feel like a friend by having me sign your yearbook.
However, I'm STILL failing you in my class.
All the best,
Mrs. Ovumstinsky

A NEW MILLENNIUM UPDATE to MAD's and VERY USELESS WEIGHTS,

6,914 GALLONS



...is the total amount of vomit cleaned up by Times Square sanitation workers the day after New Year's Eve.

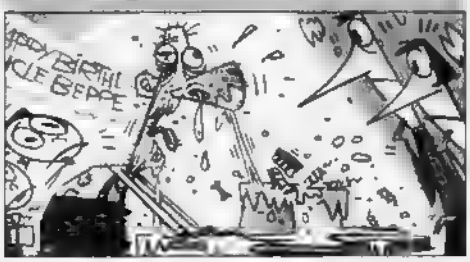
2 FEET 9 INCHES

...is the average distance of a "pick and flick" with no wind resistance.

1 FEET 3 INCHES

...is the average length of an opening day waiting line for any Woody Allen movie.

3.4 OUNCES



...is the amount of drool you can expect to see when your 90-year old uncle blows out the candles on his birthday cake..

9.7 OUNCES

...is the amount of butter it takes to fill all the nooks but only some of the crannies in an English muffin.

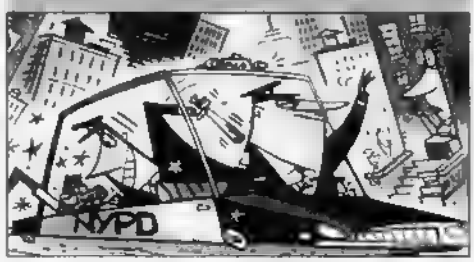
2 FEET 7 INCHES

...is how much closer the average American male moved toward his TV screen when soccer player Brandi Chastain whipped off her top.

.03 CENTIMETERS

...is the depth of those little indents you get in your nose from wearing glasses all the time.

2.1 PINTS



...is the amount of blood you're likely to lose if you're a black male stopped by a New York City cop.

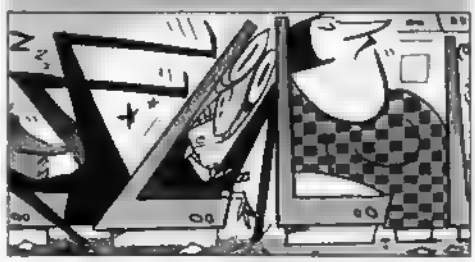
3.4 QUARTS

...is the amount of toilet water swallowed by a freshman pledge during initiation week.

14.2 INCHES

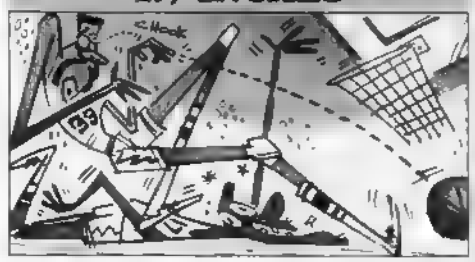
...is the average size of a "17 inch" computer screen.

2 FEET 4 INCHES



...is the airline industry's definition of "generous leg room."

4.7 INCHES

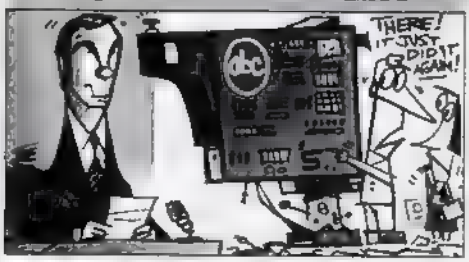


...is about how much any basketball shot by Patrick Ewing misses whenever the game is on the line.

TABLE of LITTLE KNOWN MEASURES and DISTANCES

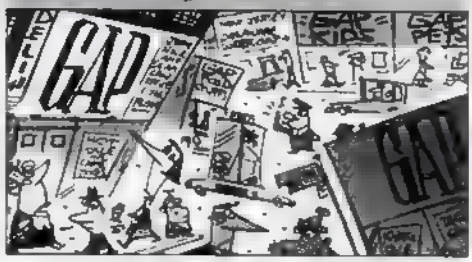
ARTIST: BOB STAAKE WRITER: J. PRETE

1.3 CENTIMETERS



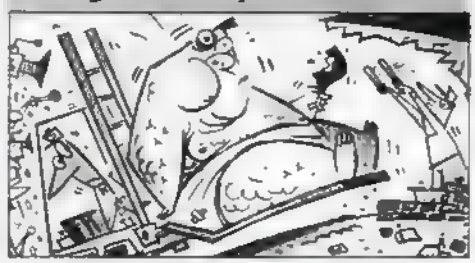
...is how much Sam Donaldson's toupee shifts during one newscast.

22.9 YARDS



...is the furthest you can walk in any direction in any city without seeing a GAP.

19 FEET 7 INCHES



...is the minimum window clearance needed when taking the 1,000 Pound Man out of his house on a forklift.

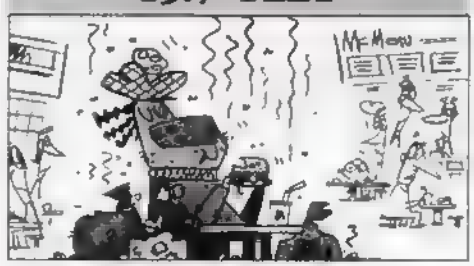
1.7 MILES

...is the distance between the target and where the "smart bomb" actually landed in the video footage the Pentagon doesn't release to the public.

2 3/4 INCHES

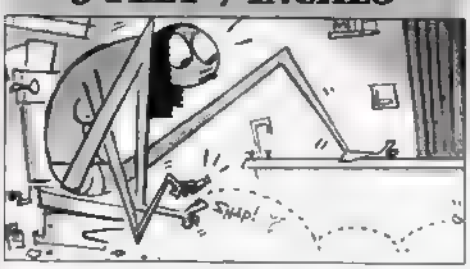
...is the height of the local newspaper headline when you're arrested for DWI. (1.2 centimeters is the height of the headline when you're acquitted of all charges.)

15.7 FEET



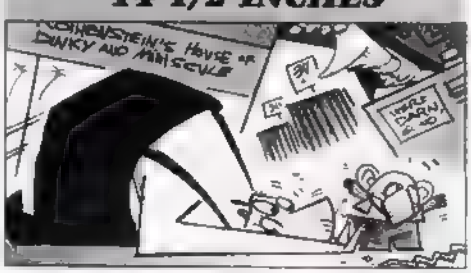
...is the diameter of the circle around a homeless guy eating in a McDonald's.

3 FEET 7 INCHES



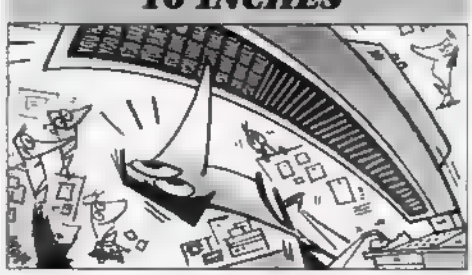
...is the average distance your clipped toenail careens across the bathroom floor.

"14 1/2 INCHES



...inseam, no cuffs," is Mini-Me's standing order at his tailor's.

16 INCHES



...is the length of spam in your in-box when you don't check your E-mail for a week.

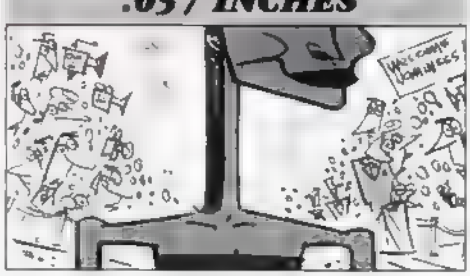
1.3 CENTIMETERS

.. is how much larger Andrew Jackson's nostrils are on that goofy new $20 bill.

9.4 GALLONS

...is the maximum amount of cellulite a team of doctors can suck out of that fat chick from *The Practice* before breaking for lunch.

.057 INCHES



...is the depth of Calista Flockhart's cleavage.

With the exception of a subscription to MAD, there is absolutely nothing you can't buy on the internet these days. Just sit home, point, click and BAM, there it is delivered to your door! But attention cyber-shoppers: Before you log on and run up the Visa bill, you really should consider...

The Downside of Online Shopping

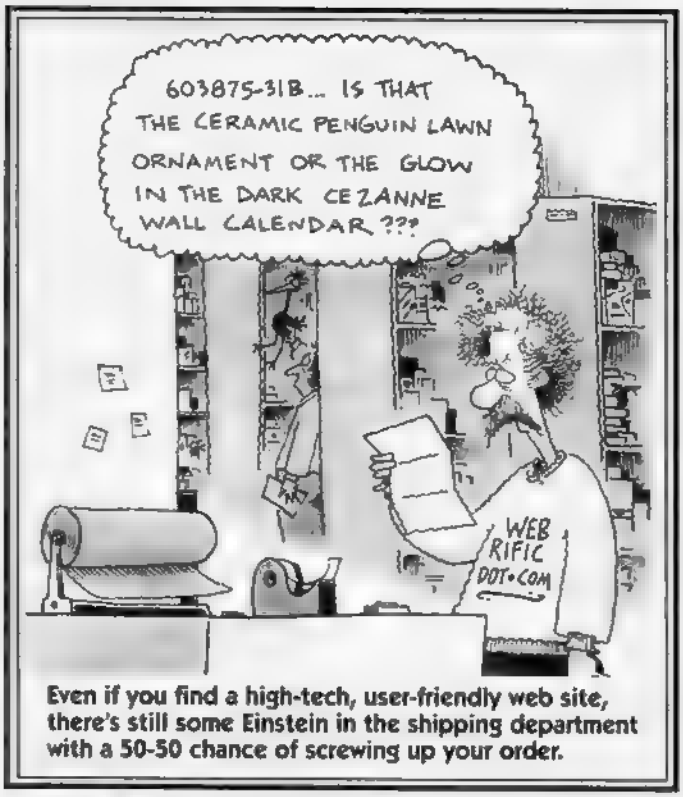
Long hours of carpal-tunnel-inducing web site surfing amount to the same thing as long hours of corn-inducing mall-walking, only without a food court.

You drive by three major malls, twelve strip malls and seven big box stores on your way to the UPS location to pick up the online purchase that was delivered overnight to your home but nobody was there to sign for.

For some odd reason, garage sale junk you once would have blown off by chuckling at now merits serious consideration, even when a $14.95 shipping fee is tacked on

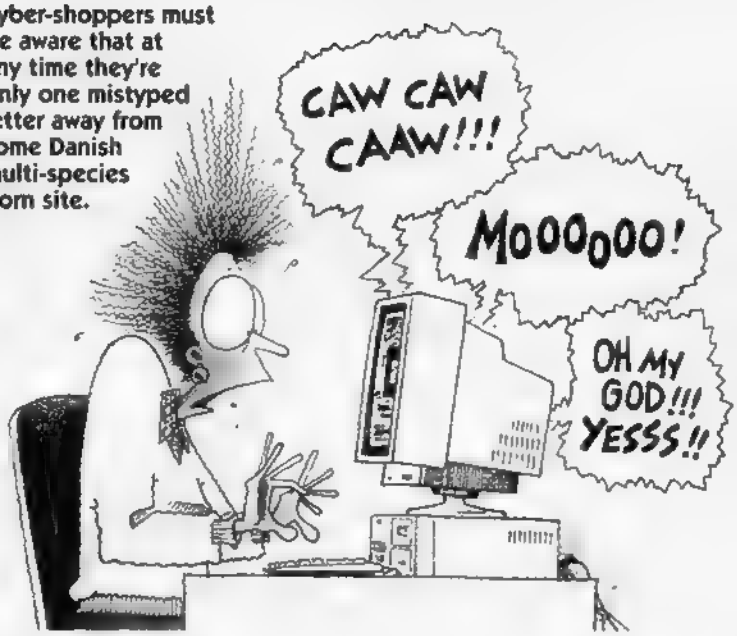
It takes the fun out of shopping for autos.

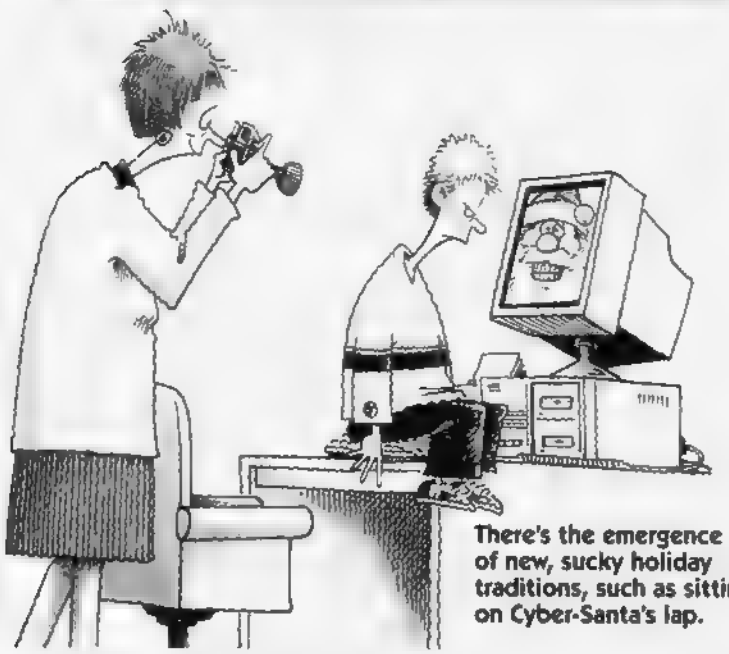
ARTIST AND WRITER:
JOHN CALDWELL



Even if you find a high-tech, user-friendly web site, there's still some Einstein in the shipping department with a 50-50 chance of screwing up your order.

Cyber-shoppers must be aware that at any time they're only one mistyped letter away from some Danish multi-species porn site.

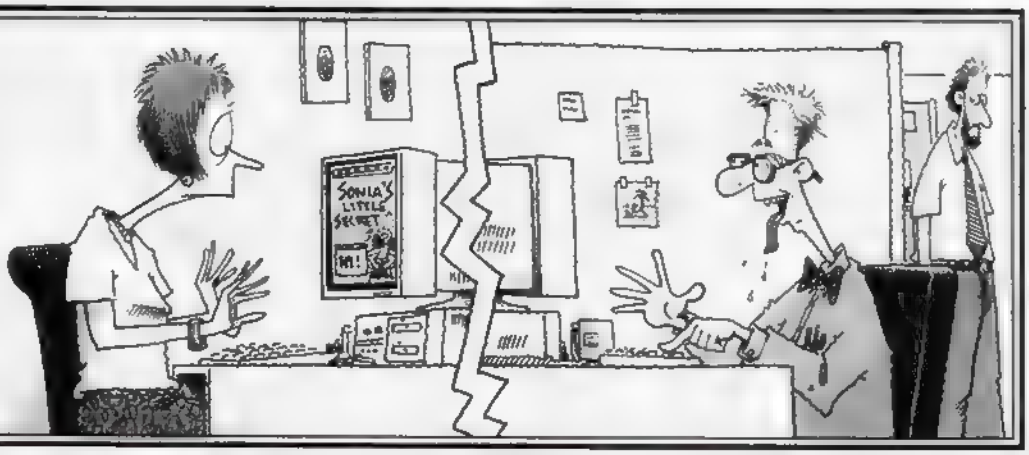


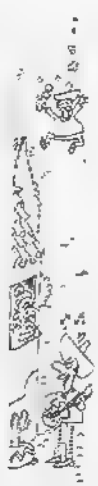


There's the emergence of new, sucky holiday traditions, such as sitting on Cyber-Santa's lap.

Instead of free alterations, your clothing purchases come with tech support.

At the other end of the transaction is, quite likely, a socially-backward techno-geek who now knows your measurements, your taste in silk teddies and your e-mail address.





Monroe and...

Passports please.
It's time to join Monroe on his first overseas adventure!

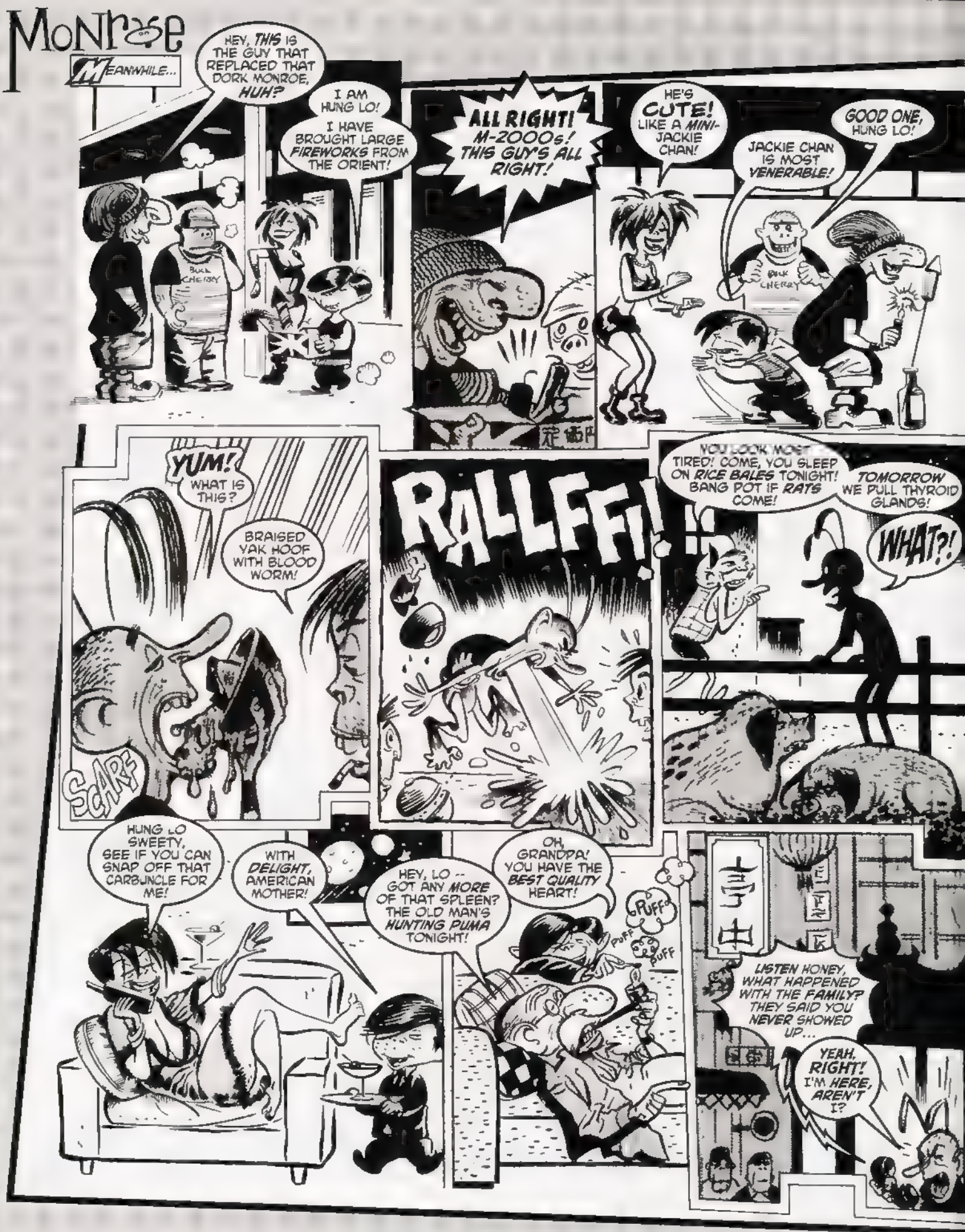
THAT WAS THE WORST PARENTS' NIGHT YET!
CAN WE PLEASE JUST GO?
YOU SAID THERE WAS GOING TO BE SANGRIA! HI-C IS NOT SANGRIA!
HEY, WHAT'S THIS?
PARENTS SIGN UP YOUR CHILD FOR FOREIGN EXCHANGE
Host a student while your child experiences life abroad!
LIMITED ENROLLMENT
MOOOM, I WANNA GOOO!
DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL BE GOING SOON...
MONROE... YOUR SON...
bye
24 LONG, JET-LAGGED HOURS LATER..
FOREIGNERS
ARRIVAL GATE
WHOA! THIS IS FREAKY!
AH! YOU LOOKING FOR A RIDE?
YEAH! I'M LOOKING FOR MY SPONSOR FAMILY!
MONROE
OH! YES! I'M UH...UH... WHAT'D YOU SAY... UM, "SPONSOR FAMILY"!
YES, NOW YOU WORK AT APHRODISIAC FACTORY IN PEOPLE'S INDUSTRIAL FOREST!
HUH?
IT IS MOST SIMPLE! YOU SEPARATE BLACK BEAR SPLEEN INTO BUCKET! IN FOUR HOURS YOU GET RICE BALL BREAK!

ARTIST: BILL WRAY

THE FOREIGN EXCHANGE STUDENT

SO, YOU'RE FINALLY ON THAT SLOW BOAT TO CHINA, EH?
ATE 25
UM, I THINK IT'S A PLANE, GRANDPA!
C'MON, YOU'RE GONNA MISS YOUR FLIGHT! AND I GOTTA PICK UP LITTLE HUNG LO!
SEE YOU IN THREE WEEKS, MA! ARE YOU GONNA MISS ME?
HMM...WHAT? OH, YEAH, SURE..
HEY, LOOK! IS THAT... HUNG LO?
WELL, AREN'T YOU A CUTIE? YOU READY FOR SOME YANKEE GOOD TIMES?
BROUGHT DUTY-FREE SCOTCH FOR U.S.A. #1 MOM.
OH, WE ARE GOING TO GET ALONG
HEY, MOM, REMEMBER ME?...
GREAT! I'M MONROE!
YES, YES. WHATEVER YOU SAY! WE GO NOW! MY BICYCLE IS DOUBLE PARKED!
SO, WHAT'RE THE SCHOOLS LIKE HERE? THEY'RE TOUGH, RIGHT?
WHY DO YOU ASK? YOU LIKE SCHOOLING?
WELL...NOT REALLY!
THEN THAT IS GOOD, FOR NOW THERE IS NO SCHOOLING!
SWEET!
THIS IS LIKE, WAY NASTY!
YES, BUT IT MAKE MAN'S WHISTLE STIFF. LIKE STATUE!
YOU KNOW, THEY GOT THIS VIAGRA STUFF NOW! YOU REALLY DON'T HAVE TO KILL ALL THESE ANIMALS!
YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND! IS WHEN WE RAPE THE WILDERNESS THAT GETS MAN SO EXCITED!
YICE! WELL, AT LEAST HUNG LO IS PROBABLY HAVING A WORSE TIME THAN ME...

WRITER: ANTHONY BARBIERI


MONROE
MEANWHILE...
HEY, THIS IS THE GUY THAT REPLACED THAT DORK MONROE, HUH?
I AM HUNG LO! I HAVE BROUGHT LARGE FIREWORKS FROM THE ORIENT!
ALL RIGHT! M-2000s! THIS GUY'S ALL RIGHT!
HE'S CUTE! LIKE A MINI-JACKIE CHAN!
GOOD ONE, HUNG LO!
JACKIE CHAN IS MOST VENERABLE!
YUM! WHAT IS THIS?
BRAISED YAK HOOF WITH BLOOD WORM!
SCARF
RALLFF!
YOU LOOK MOST TIRED! COME, YOU SLEEP ON RICE BALES TONIGHT! BANG POT IF RATS COME!
TOMORROW WE PULL THYROID GLANDS!
WHAT?!
HUNG LO SWEETY, SEE IF YOU CAN SNAP OFF THAT CARBUNCLE FOR ME!
WITH DELIGHT, AMERICAN MOTHER!
HEY, LO -- GOT ANY MORE OF THAT SPLEEN? THE OLD MAN'S HUNTING PUMA TONIGHT!
OH, GRANDPA! YOU HAVE THE BEST QUALITY HEART!
PUFF
PUFF
PUFF
LISTEN HONEY, WHAT HAPPENED WITH THE FAMILY? THEY SAID YOU NEVER SHOWED UP...
YEAH, RIGHT! I'M HERE, AREN'T I?

UGH! I CAN'T GET ALL THE SPLEEN OUT FROM UNDER MY FINGERNAILS!
THAT IS GOOD! FINGERNAILS NOW HAVE THE SPIRIT OF THE BEAR! COME! WE MEET THE REST OF... UH... FACTORY... ER, I MEAN, "SPONSOR FAMILY"!
EVERYONE, SAY HELLO TO LITTLE ROUND EYES!
AH, GOOD! YOU PICK UP NEW WORKER AT AIRPORT!
MAN, SOMETHING SMELLS GOOD!
YOU LIKE CHINESE FOOD?
SURE! EGG ROLLS... MOO-SHOO... ALL THAT!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT IS THAT! HERE -- YOU TRY THIS!
I'M OUTTA HERE!
HELLO, MOM? IT'S ME! THIS PROGRAM IS UNBELIEVABLE! THEY'RE MAKING ME --
I KNOW! ISN'T FOREIGN EXCHANGE GREAT?
FINE, FINE! ANYWAY, I WORKED IT OUT WITH THE SCHOOL -- WE'RE EXTENDING THE TRIP THREE MORE WEEKS --
B-B-B-BUT I'M --
TAP TAP!
-- ISN'T THAT GREAT? BYE!
NO, MOM! WAIT!
LOOK LIKE LITTLE ROUND EYE WANT TO MAKE EXPENSIVE PHONE CALLS!
YOU TIES HIM DOWN! I GET THE BAMBOO SHOOTS FOR FINGERNAILS!
TONY
HELP!
STREECH!
Bill Wray

Now that the Pokémon craze is finally fading (thank god!) it won't be long before small-minded people start arguing about which suckers wasted the most money on this worthless crap! To save you time, we small-minded people at MAD have already tallied up the stats and inducted the winning poké-putzes into...

THE POKÉMON HALL OF

Background: One of those weird teenagers who only hangs out with kids half as old as he is

Has: 139 Pokémon

Has Blown: $750 he made black marketing his Ritalin behind cafeteria at lunch

Greatest Pokémon Achievement: Continuing as a Pokémon trainer despite the unanimous ridicule from his 16-year-old classmates

Background: Former Wall Street investment banker, until he discovered where the really big bucks are

Has: 140,000,000 Pokémon (with some duplicates)

Has Blown: $0.00 of his own money; $560,000,000 from Widows & Orphans Trust through penny stock fraud and a phony mutual fund he set up

Greatest Pokémon Achievement: Paid $12,000,000 for consulting firm to produce a study of whether Bulbasaur evolves into a plant or animal

Background: Has every Pokémon, saw the Pokémon movie 84 times, records and watches every episode of Pokémon cartoons 50 times, can remember nothing about the rest of his life

Has: 150 Pokémon

Has Blown: $40,395 from the till of his parents' restaurant and $4,800 in tips from same

Greatest Pokémon Achievement: Traded his 7-year-old sister for a one-of-a-kind Articuno card

Background: Owns 56 pairs of Pikachu underwear

Has: 138 Pokémon

Has Blown: $1,864.50 of his parents' money

Greatest Pokémon Achievement: Once let family dog perish in house fire to rescue his rare Poliwag card instead

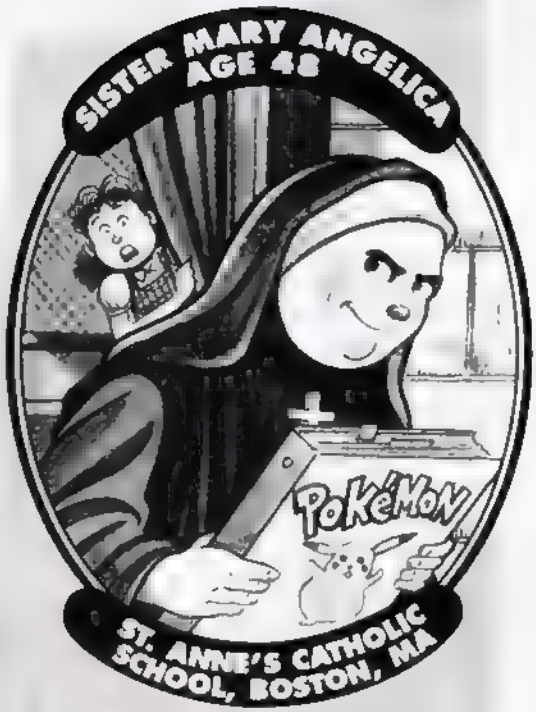
COLLECTORS FAME

Background: Son of recovering Beanie Baby addicts

Has: 143 Pokémon

Has Blown: $1,967.75 of his parents' money, $450 that he pickpocketed on the D train, $640 from donating blood every week

Greatest Pokémon Achievement: Actually put out a hit on classmate Steve Zims for refusing to trade

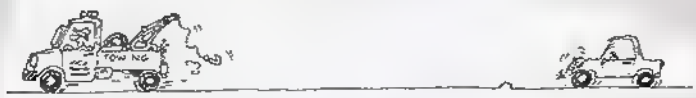


Background: Became hooked while serving as school's playground referee for Pokémon trading sessions

Has: 120 Pokémon

Has Blown: $28,398 in church Bingo profits

Greatest Pokémon Achievement: Swiped a third grader's Pokémon card binder while he was inside a church confessional



ARTIST: R.J. MATSON WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

Background: Used to collect comic books until he decided he wanted something "less dorky"

Has: 129 Pokémon

Has Blown: $2,600.00 — all of his college savings account — unbeknownst to parents

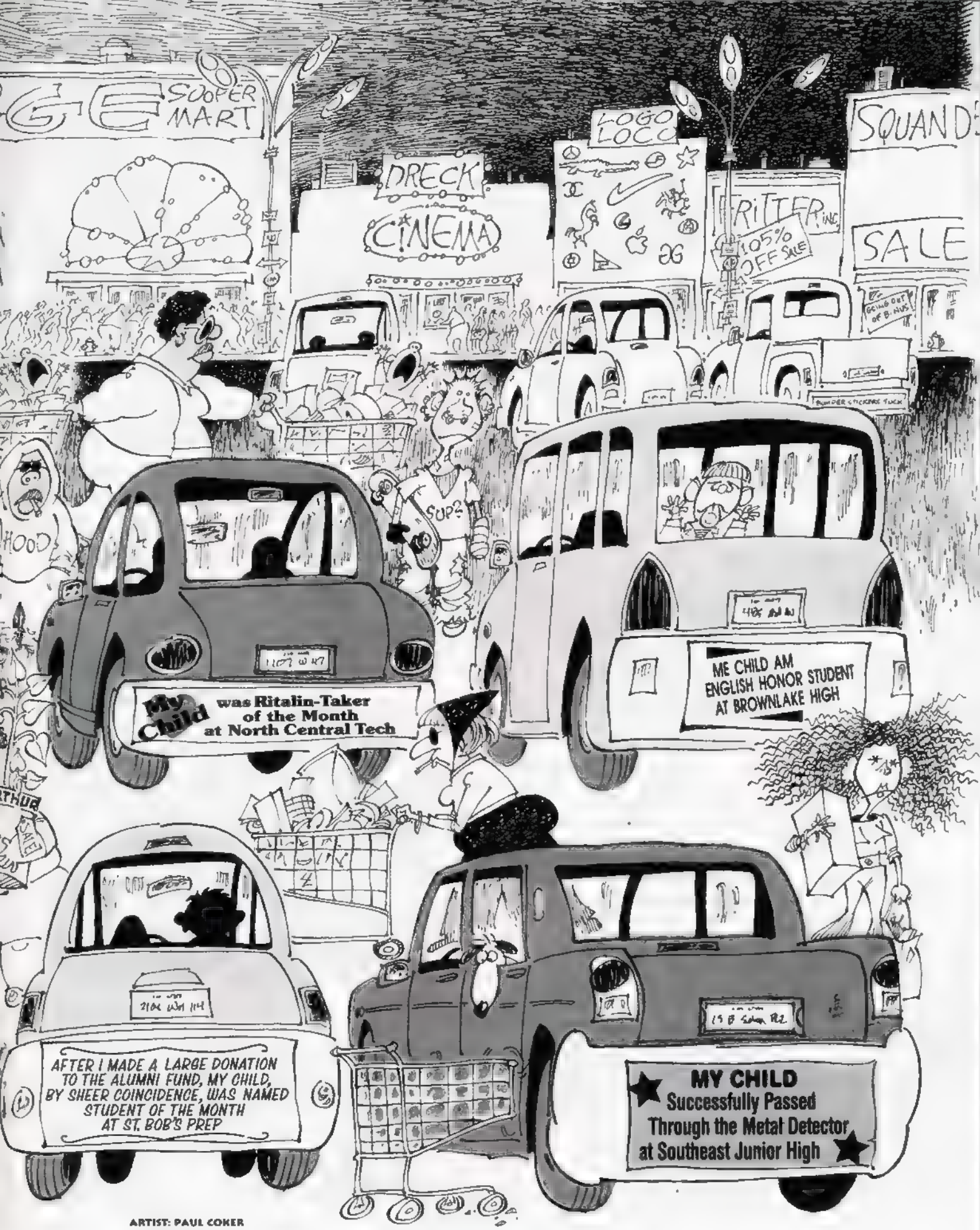
Greatest Pokémon Achievement: Beat the crap out of a crippled neighbor to get three cards he needed

CARS AND DEFECTS DEPT.

By our judgment, watching other drivers pick their nose has dropped to #2 on the list of the most annoying things you can see while waiting at a red light! What's #1? It's those god-awful bumper stickers announcing someone's son/daughter/whatever has been named Honor Student at Such-And-Such School! Who gives a flying rat's patootie, especially since none of our readers are honor students anyway? For them and their proud parents, we suggest they polish up the bumper on the 'ol Dodge Neon and slap on a few of these...

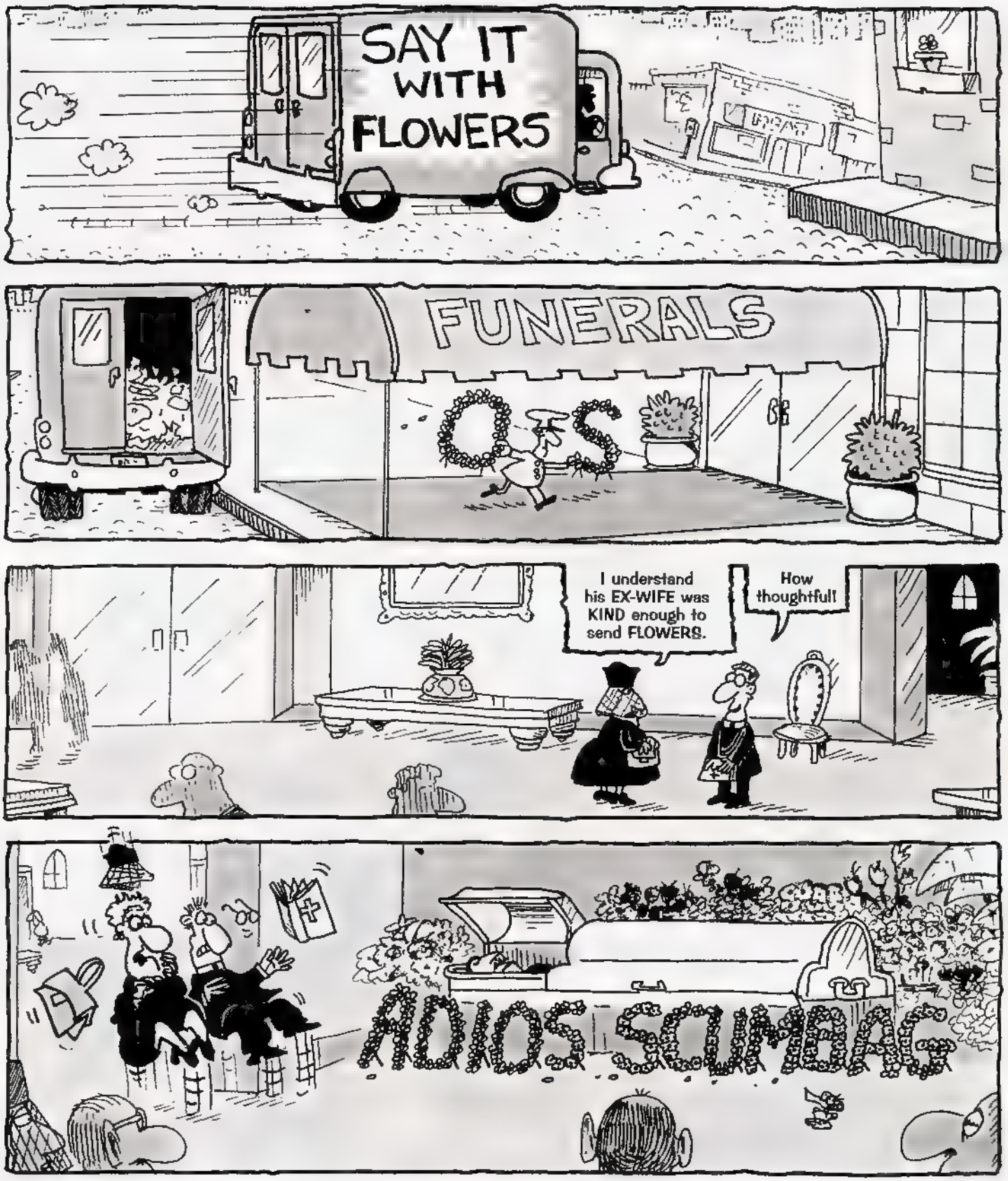
BUMPER STICKERS THAT REFLECT REAL SCHOOL LIFE

TRASH UNLTd.
EAT EAT EAT
JUNKateria
Due to Watered Down Academic Standards, My Child is an Honor Student at Northwest High
MY CHILD PORTRAYED AN HONOR STUDENT IN A SCHOOL PLAY AT LOWER UPLAND HIGH
MY CHILD WAS OFFICIALLY CLEARED OF ANY WRONGDOING IN THE RECENT FIRE AT P.S. 207
My Child Would Have Been the Student of the Month but One Teacher Had a Grudge Against Him and Gave Him a "B" Instead of an "A." The Bitch!


SUPER MART
LOGO LOCO
DRECK
CINEMA
SALE
105% OFF SALE
My Child was Ritalin-Taker of the Month at North Central Tech
ME CHILD AM ENGLISH HONOR STUDENT AT BROWNLAKE HIGH
AFTER I MADE A LARGE DONATION TO THE ALUMNI FUND, MY CHILD, BY SHEER COINCIDENCE, WAS NAMED STUDENT OF THE MONTH AT ST. BOB'S PREP
MY CHILD Successfully Passed Through the Metal Detector at Southeast Junior High

ARTIST: PAUL COKER
WRITER: JEFF KRUSE

TALES FROM the DUCK SIDE THE EX-FILES



ARTIST AND WRITER. DUCK EDWING

"I HAVE A SCREAM" DEPT.

In the mid-nineteenth century, Poet Edgar Allen Poe made people scream in horror with his masterpiece poem *The Raven*! One hundred fifty years later, MAD Magazine gets much the same result when it publishes its poem about *Scream* filmmaker...

Wes Craven

with apologies to Edgar Allen Poe

Once upon a midnight dreary, horror flicks did not seem weary,
"Elm Street," "Halloween," and "Friday...the 13th" scared fans galore.
Michael, Jason and that Freddie, made fan's stomachs feel unsteady,
But no one was really ready, for schlock sequels by the score.
Which director was most guilty of these schlock clones by the score?
'Twas Wes Craven, king of gore.

Soon this genre was outdated, fans no longer were elated,
By the bloodbaths that these movies seemed to churn out more and more.
But one day an unknown writer, wrote a chiller that seemed brighter,
Craven helmed this newest frighter, which made fun of flicks of yore.
Why would Craven want to mock his horror films from days of yore?
'Cause Wes Craven was a whore!

Would his "Scream" become a winner, forcing fans to lose their dinner?
It seemed doubtful since its only star was young Drew Barrymore.
Drew had peaked when she was seven, and got drunk by age eleven,
So how in the name of heaven would this film get off the floor?
Very soon it mattered not when Drew's guts splattered on the floor.
On her, Craven slammed the door.

ARTIST: BILL WRAY WRITER: ANDREW J. SCHWARTZBERG

Wes Craven!

Every horror fan was shaken, when Drew's life was quickly taken,
If this movie's biggest star was killed what else might be in store?
Was Neve Campbell next to buy it? Many hoped that Wes would try it,
For no fright fan could deny it — Neve was such a whiny bore.
Could a movie be successful with a whining, pouting bore?
"Yes!" Wes Craven's fans did roar.

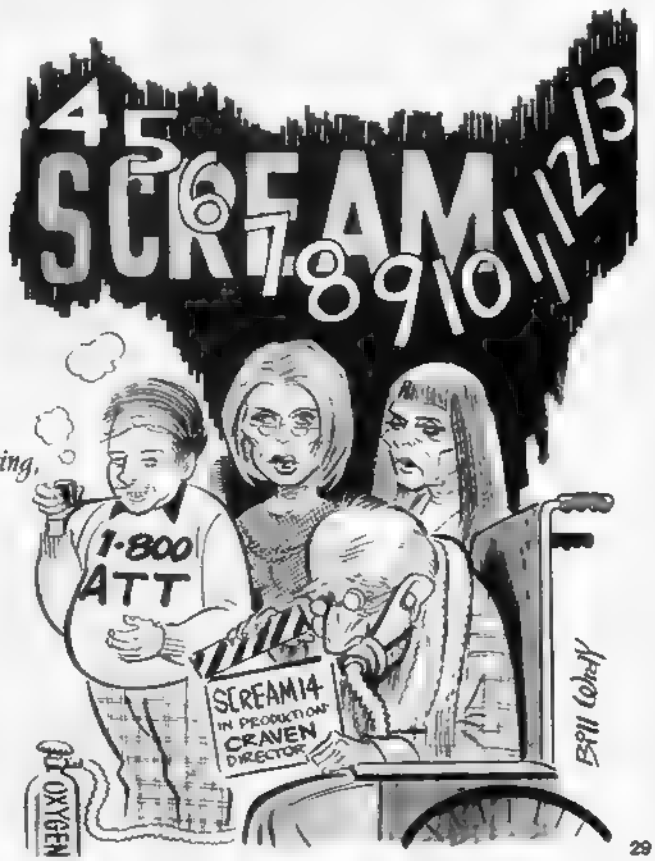
This flick flew not on its story, or the fact that it was gory,
This film thrived upon the fact that it made "in-jokes" by the score.
Making fun of Tori Spelling, Fonzie at the students yelling,
One lone film geek always telling what we should be frightened for.
When he saw this Gen-X chiller was what fans were waiting for,
Quoth Wes Craven, "Let's make more."

Ah, distinctly all remember, one year later in December,
"Scream 2" was released upon the public with a mighty roar.
This plot had a large infusion of dumb twists that caused confusion.
What bizarre drug-crazed delusion, made this script a muddled bore?
Laurie Metcalf as the killer — could there be a bigger bore?
Still, cash Craven made galore.

KILL KILL KILL
DIE THICK LIPPED TEEN MODELS
JASON AND FREDDY KILL BIG BREASTED TEENS ON FRIDAY THE 13TH
NOW I KNOW YOU WERE A SLUT LAST SUMMER
THE FACTORY
I STILL KNOW YOUR JUGGS GOT BIGGER LAST SUMMER
TEDIOUS MRS. TINGLE
URBAN LEMMING
I KNOW You Got IMPLANTS LAST SUMMER
STARRING JENNIFER LOVE HUGE TOP

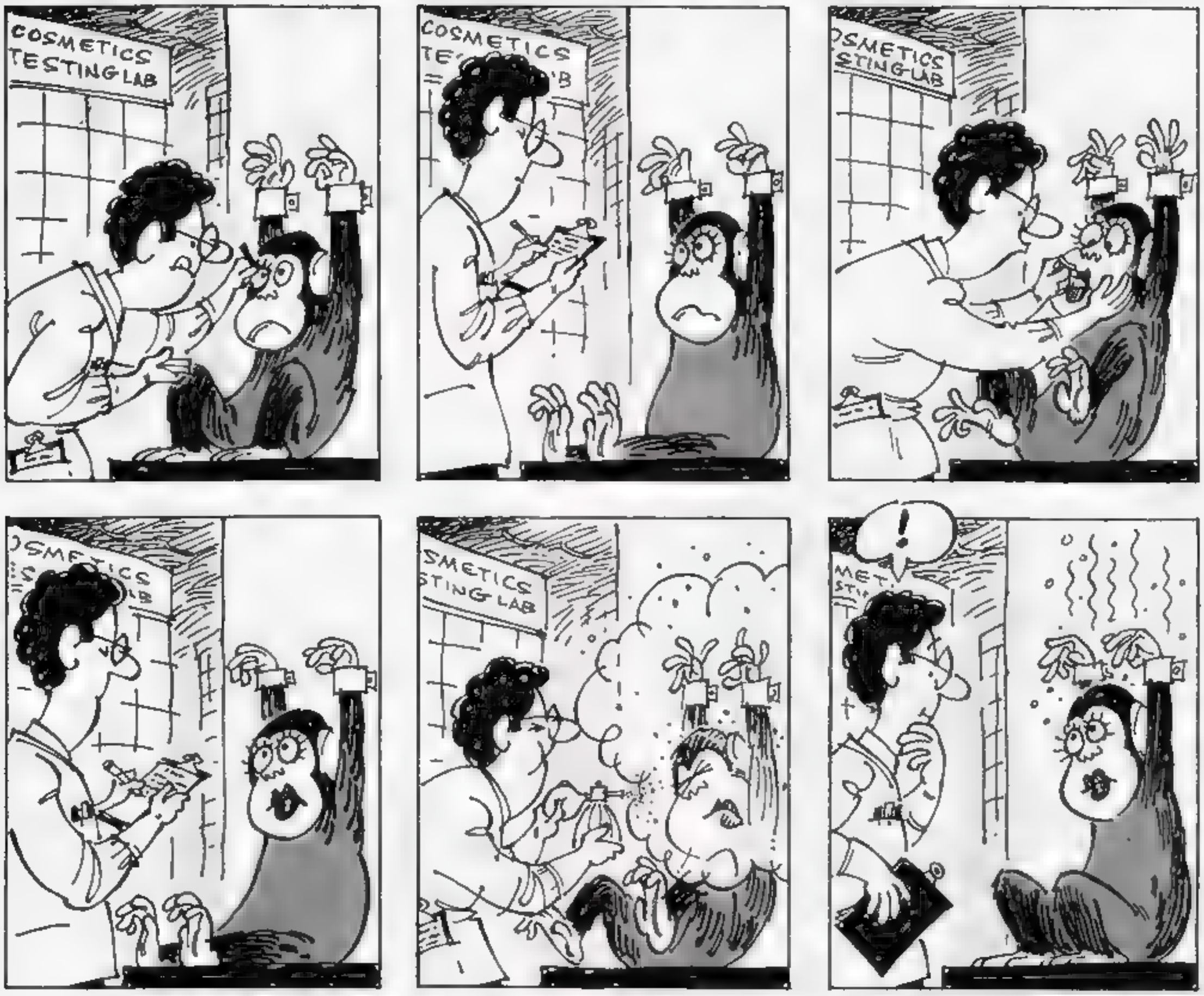
"Scream" flicks sure were money makers, so it spawned a pack of fakers.
"I Know What You Did Last Summer" was the first to wash ashore.
"Urban Legend," "Mrs. Tingle," these and more all seemed to mingle,
Each and every freakin' single of these flicks we did abhor.
Who began this competition of scare flicks we did abhor?
'Twas Wes Craven launched this war.

Next, two years of hype and rumors, growing like malignant tumors,
Built "Scream 3" up in a way that no one living could ignore.
Once again Neve acted schmucky, in a sequel that was sucky,
Worse, in fact, than "Bride of Chucky," was this flick that was a bore.
The killer was — well, we won't tell you, should you plan to see this bore.
Just blame Craven when you snore.



Now Wes Craven's "Screams" are staying, always playing, always playing,
In the VCRs and theaters frequented by teens galore.
And they say "3" is the last one, but we think they'll pull a fast one,
We bet they've begun to cast one, for there's money in this gore.
Yes we're sure we'll see another pointless film with pointless gore,
When Wes Craven makes "Scream 4."

ONE FINE DAY IN THE ANIMAL TESTING LAB



ARTIST: PAUL COKER WRITER: MICHAEL GALLAGHER

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF F...

JUSTICE

Are you **ready?** When I say, "My client's **criminal record** is due to his **tragic childhood...**"
.. I **look down** and **pretend** to wipe **a tear** from my **eye,** right?

CELEBRITY

ARTIST AND WRITER: DAVE BERG

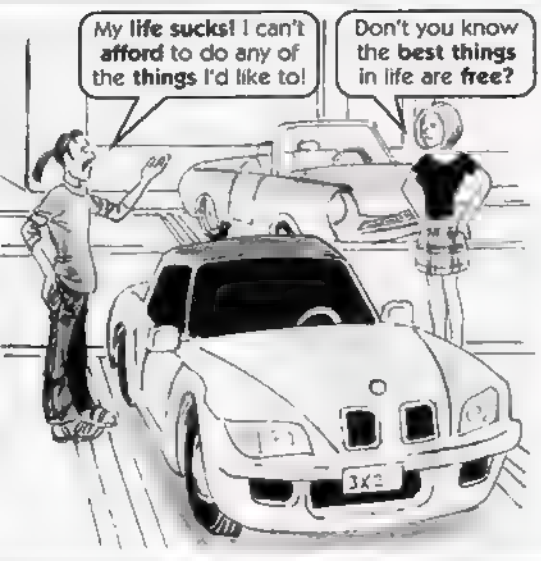
Do you know who that is? That's **Kevin Hordern!** After he **graduated** they retired his **football jersey!**
He's so **sloppy looking!** Was he that **great** of a **player?**
No, they **retired** it for **sanitary reasons!**

PARENTS

You're **home late!** How was your **date** with Kyle?
Okay! We ate at a nice **restaurant** that had a **band,** so we **danced** a lot!
Now **tell me** the **part** that you have no **intention** of **telling me!**

PETS

DESIRE



FINANCES

BUSINESS

CELL PHONES

RELATIONSHIPS

I'm thinking of divorcing Mike!
That's the trouble with marriages today! Everyone is quick to call it quits! Remember, you took him "for better or worse"!
Well, it turned out he's worse than I took him for

THERAPY

THE OFFICE

Could you tell **Joe** he's being **fired?** You've got a gift for **phrasing things** so it's not as **upsetting!**
No **problem,** I'll **handle it!**
Joe, we've **decided** to make you the Guest of **Honor** at our "Good Luck on your **Next Job**" party!

POWER

When I watch these **Saturday morning cartoon shows** I feel so darn **important!**
Really? How come?
I know that a whole, big **TV network** is **targeting me!**

DOCTORS

Kaputnik, I looked over your **medical plan and** found something very **interesting!**
They allow **needless procedures!**
David Berg

Meet Aged Khristmastree: This renowned Swedish scientist joined the Tem-Poor-Peddle-It team in 1991 at a critical time – when he was flat broke and destitute from having not held a job in 16 years. Since he spent nearly the full length of those 16 years taking naps, he learned a lot about mattresses. One day, responding to his wife's nonstop nagging to him about not working, he shouted, "Shut up! I AM working!" In fact, he was formulating his revolutionary bedding ideas which involved stealing space age fibers from an exhibit at the Smithsonian Museum and shaping them to look something like a mattress. The rest is history!

You've read about it, heard about it, wondered about it, and then forgotten about it. Now we want you to remember it and buy it so we can stop running these expensive ads!

We'll sleep 100% better knowing that you spent your money on...

THE SWEDISH MATTRESS THAT MADE SLEEPING OBSOLETE!

The Tem-Poor-Peddle-It Mattress is the world's first weightless sleep system, perfect for anyone who weighs zero pounds or less! It's substantially less comfortable for those weighing more than that, however those weighing less than 20 pounds also report good results, and some have even been able to doze off for several minutes of gloriously uninterrupted sleep!

Our Bed Is The Bed Of Tomorrow!

Yes, the Tem-Poor-Peddle-It Mattress is the bed of tomorrow – that is if you order it today, and pay a HUGE FedEx shipping charge for overnight delivery! Otherwise it's the bed of next week (UPS), or the bed of a month from now, if you choose regular snail mail (USPS).

Sticky-Side-Up Cover!

The traditional thick padding that covers ordinary mattresses effectively keeps the steel springs inside, but creates an unpleasant hammock effect outside — especially if you hang the mattress between two trees. The Tem-Poor-Peddle-It's advanced design doesn't solve this problem, but its unique sticky-side-up cover cuts tossing and turning by an amazing 83%. It also makes getting out of bed 67% less likely on the first attempt!

It's Self-Ventilating!

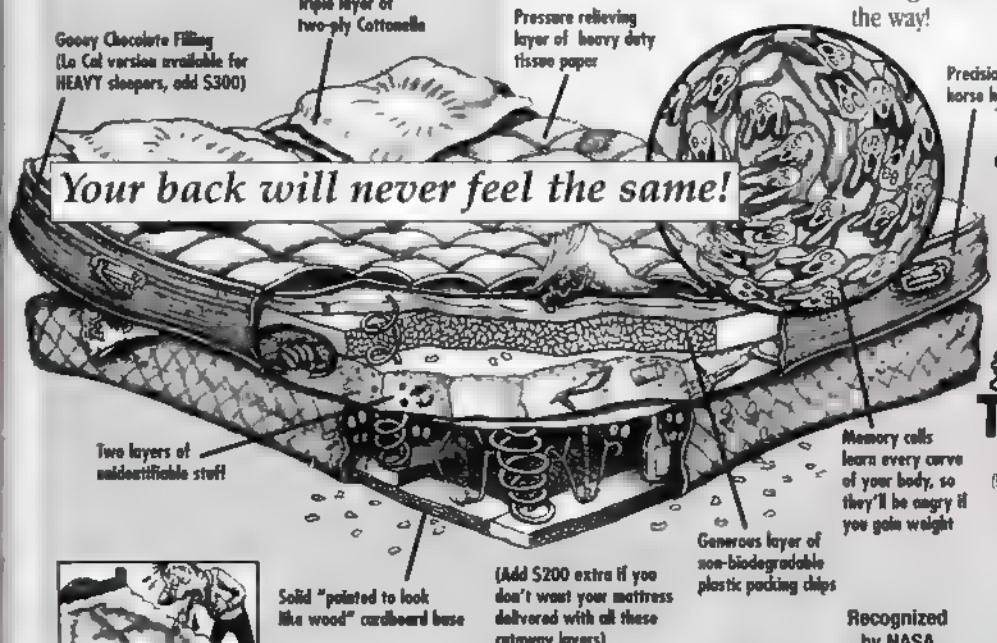
The special micropoopscopic structure of our mattress material self-ventilates to dissipate body heat. You'll feel cooler when you sleep on one of our mattresses at night, especially in rooms equipped with an air conditioning unit cranked up all the way!

Rave Reviews in the Press!

Magazines and newspapers have been printing rave reviews about the Tem-Poor-Peddle-It Mattress, because they were written by us, and appear in our paid advertisements!

We Stand By Our Conditional Guarantee!

We'll set up a brand new Tem-Poor-Peddle-It Mattress in your bedroom, and even remove the old bedding. If, after 13 weeks, you don't love it, we'll pick it up and take it back. And then you can sleep on the floor, because we certainly will have thrown out your old mattress! Then *you* decide which is more comfortable, your floor or our mattress! Remember, more than 25,000 doctors, medical professionals and sleep clinic workers recommend our mattress over sleeping on the floor!


Gooey Chocolate Filling (Lo Cal version available for HEAVY sleepers, add $300)
Triple layer of two-ply Cottonelle
Pressure relieving layer of heavy duty tissue paper
Precision tuned horse hair
Your back will never feel the same!
Two layers of unidentifiable stuff
Solid "painted to look like wood" cardboard base
(Add $200 extra if you don't want your mattress delivered with all these cutaway layers)
Generous layer of non-biodegradable plastic packing chips
Memory cells learn every curve of your body, so they'll be angry if you gain weight

- **One convenient exorbitant payment!**
- **No charge for extra charges!**
- **Free billing!**

8 HOUR TRANCE

TEM-POOR-PEDDLE-IT

PRESSURE RELIEVING MATTRESS

(MORE COMFORTABLE THAN SLEEPING ON THE UNEVEN LETTERS IN OUR LOGO LIKE THIS UNFORTUNATE LADY)

FREE SAMPLE/FREE VIDEO/FREE INFO

1-888-ZZZ-ZZZZ

EXPENSIVE PHONE CALL, BECAUSE WE ROUTE IT THROUGH OUR OFFICES OVERSEAS

We'll help you get to sleep right away by putting you on hold for hours and hours!

Tem-Poor-Peddle-It material molds to your body! You must specify if you want it to mold to someone else's body when ordering!

Recognized by NASA

who is suing us for misrepresentation

ARTIST: JAMES WARHOLA WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

A MAD AD PARODY

MAD's Commencement Address for the Class of 2000

Ah, graduation day. After twelve years of enduring annoying teachers, nagging principals, poisonous cafeteria food and traumatic gym class group showers, you've finally made it! And how are you rewarded? With a deadly-dull, meaningless graduation speech delivered by some alumni who's about as hip and down as Regis Philbin at a Wu-Tang concert! Even worse, he pretends like life is good from here on in, instead of giving you the straight dope about your impending miserable journey into adulthood, as we do in

Ladies and gentlemen of the Class of 2000... The future is yours!

Mainly because the rest of us don't want anything to do with it! Global warming... overpopulation... biological warfare – man, it's really gonna suck!

And graduation is a time for celebration.

Like celebrating the fact that YOUR school beat the odds and didn't have a single classmate go off the deep end and mow you all down with a TEK-9 in the cafeteria!

You, the Class of 2000, are truly special, for you are the FIRST CLASS of the new millennium.

And, more importantly, you're the LAST CLASS that will ever have to listen to all that "Bridge to the 21st century" crap from politicians, advertisers and every computer company trying to con a buck out of you!

As you embark on your journey into a new era, ask yourself: "What am I taking away from my high school years"? A little wisdom...? A little maturity...?

Perhaps a little infection from that Freshman who swore he/she was a virgin...?

Whatever else you take away, you're taking away an important piece of paper called the high school diploma!

Which, thanks to decades of dumbing down by our nation's educators, has about as much value as a Bill Clinton promise! Not that that matters, because all the jobs you'll be competing for won't be worth a flying #$&^@ anyway! Did somebody say "McDonald's"?*

Once you have the diploma in hand, people will tell you to reach for the stars — to strive to be the best you can be.

Those people are idiots, 'cause you could study for the next 1,000 years, but unless you miraculously happen to have super-skills (and you don't) there's not a chance in hell you'll be the next Michael Jordan, Bill Gates or Steven Spielberg. Face it, your "best" will be sponging off Mom and Dad for as long as possible!

The glory of success is there, waiting for you to grab it!

Actually, the "glory of success" is waiting to be grabbed by, like, 2% of your classmates – the really geeky ones who actually did their homework – who might buck the trend and achieve fame, wealth and power...only to be struck down in the prime of their lives by cancer, an early heart attack, a car crash or a run-in with someone from the other 98% in a bar fight. So you see, life IS fair after all!

Whatever you decide to do, hold onto your dreams...

They might provide some meager bit of comfort after the world has beaten you down!

...and never be afraid to try and, perchance, to fail.

'Cause no matter how bad you blow it, at least you won't be as pathetic as these geezers in the front row from the classes of '29, '30, and '31 who have nothing better to do than fill their few remaining days by coming back to their old high school and spending three hours in a pair of damp Depends – just to get some cheap applause for not having croaked yet!

In closing, since I'm sure a few of you are in a hurry to meet your future head-on...

In a fatal drunk driving accident after getting tanked at the post-graduation party...

...let me just say: good luck. I hope my advice will be of value to you.

Although I doubt it, 'cause if I were any good at this sort of thing, I'd be sitting on my ass at home, collecting royalties like that putz with that "sunscreen" poem thing a few years back, instead of gazing out upon this sea of zits, barely making enough for cab fare to get me out of here.

Thank you.

Go to Hell.

ARTIST: TOM BUNK
WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

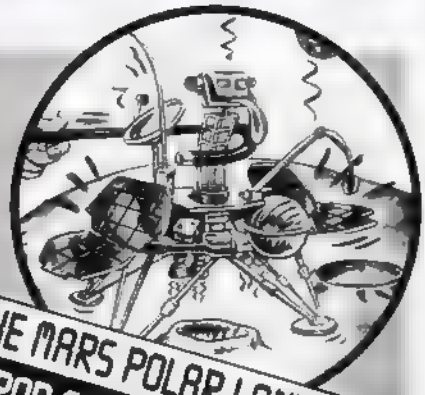
ARTIST AND WRITER: PETER KUPER

CHOP!
TOP SECRET
CHOP!
TOP SECRET
CHOP!
KUPER

The dictionary defines an *anagram* as "a word or phrase formed by rearranging the letters of another." Most anagrams are nonsense ("carthorse," for example, is an anagram of "orchestra" and "wholesome" becomes "shoe me low"), but sometimes, just sometimes, anagrams can tell us more. A lot more. A lot, lot, lot more. A whole heckuva lot more! Anyway, here's...

MAD Anagrams

DENNIS RODMAN
ODD IN MANNERS



THE MARS POLAR LANDER
ERROR MADE-PLANS HALT

HOWARD STERN
TRASH WONDER

CALISTA FLOCKHART
LO-FAT CHICK/L.A. STAR

KATHIE LEE GIFFORD
THE GLORIFIED FAKE

GEORGE BUSH
HE BUGS GORE

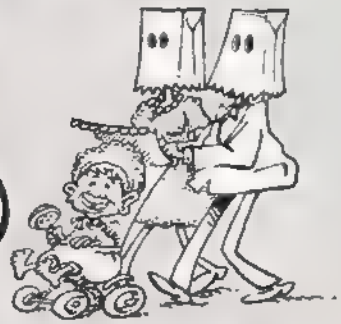
ROBERT DOLE
ELDER ROBOT

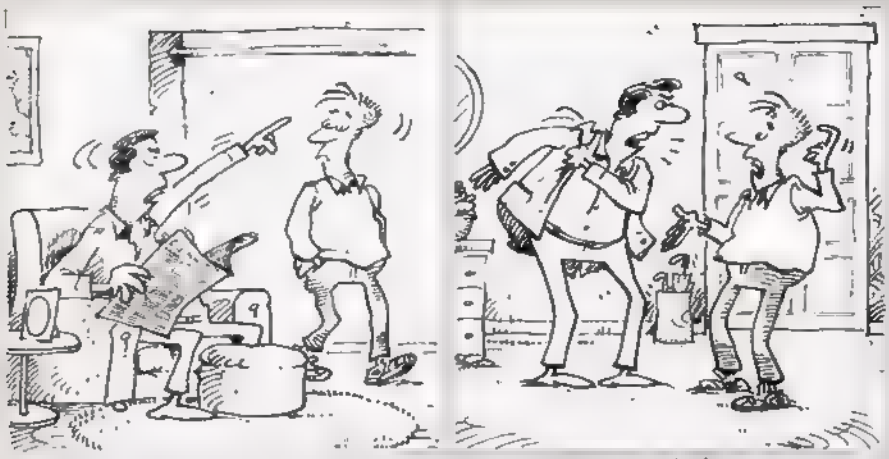
BRANDI CHASTAIN
HAD ANTICS IN BRA

PRINCESS DIANA
SNAP! DIES IN CAR

ARTIST: SAM SISCO WRITER: PAT MERRELL

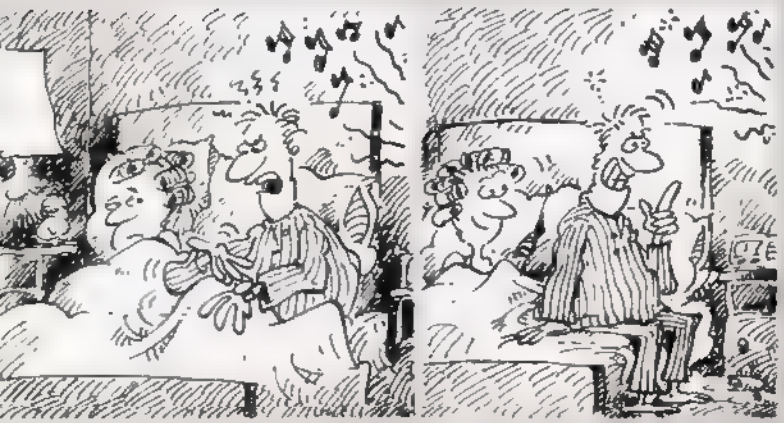
A MAD LOOK AT PARENTS

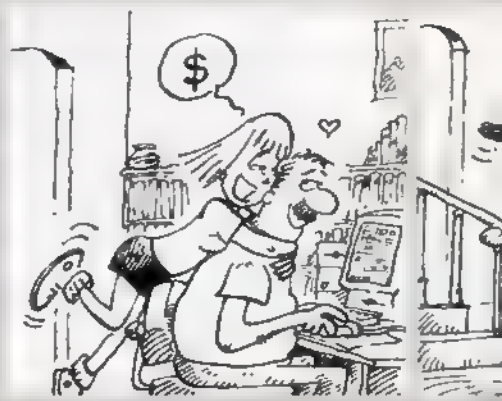




BARBER SHOP
BARBER SHOP

DING-
DONG

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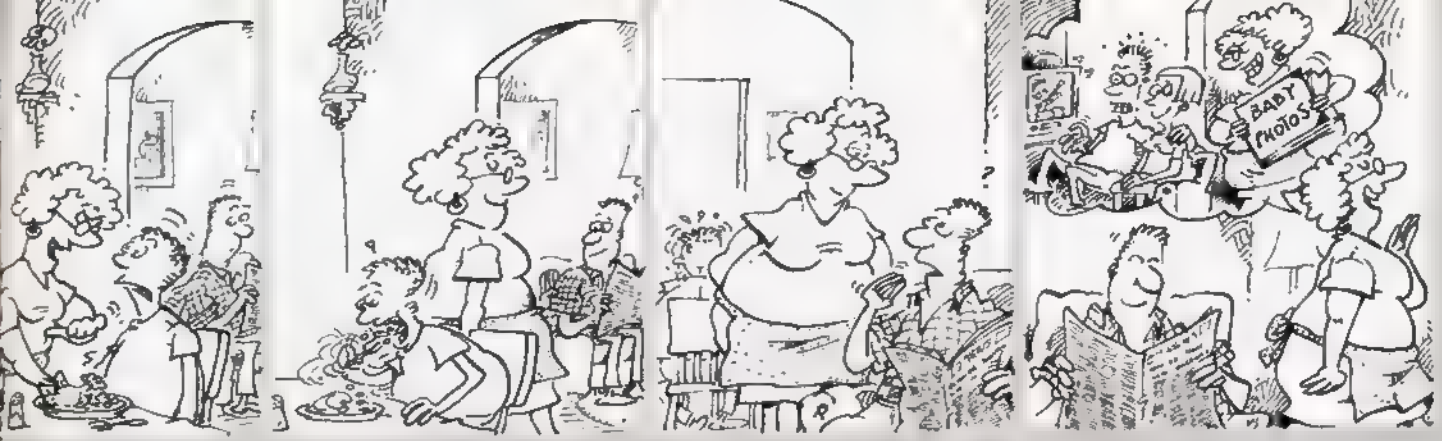
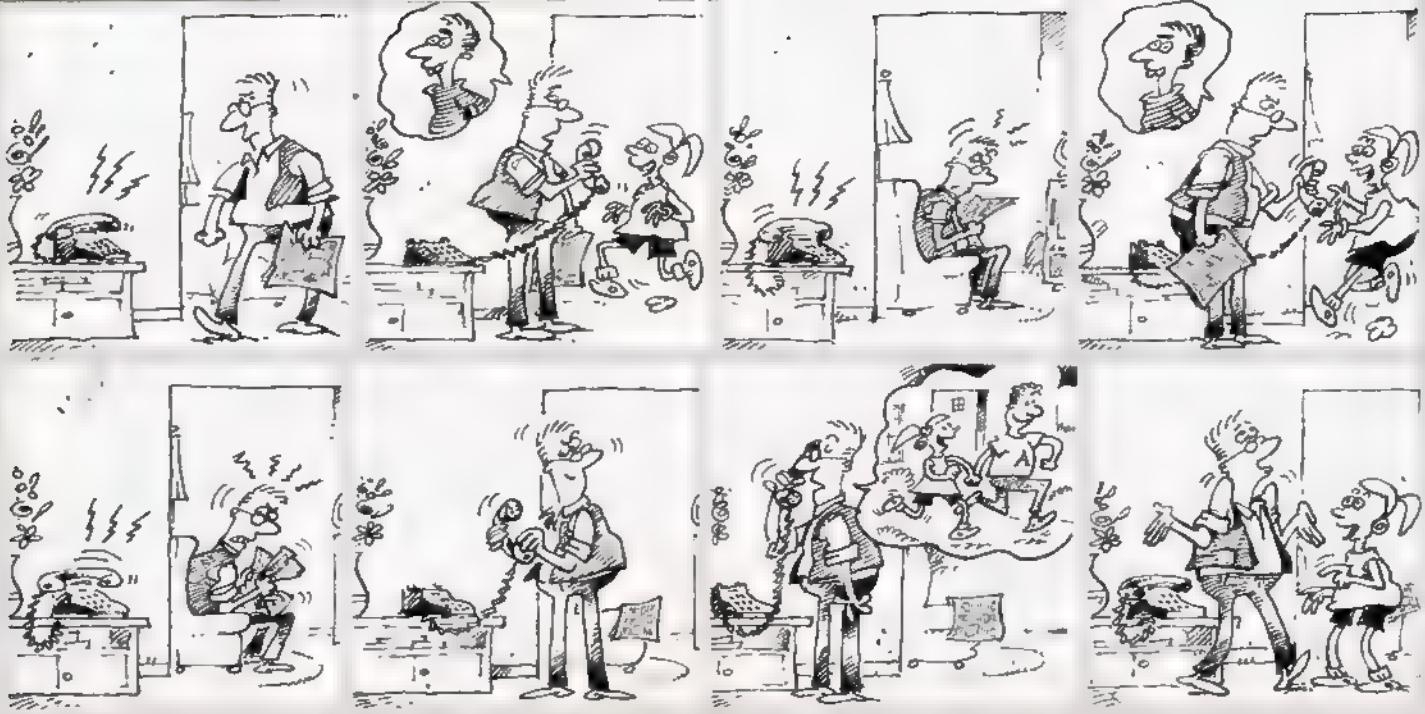
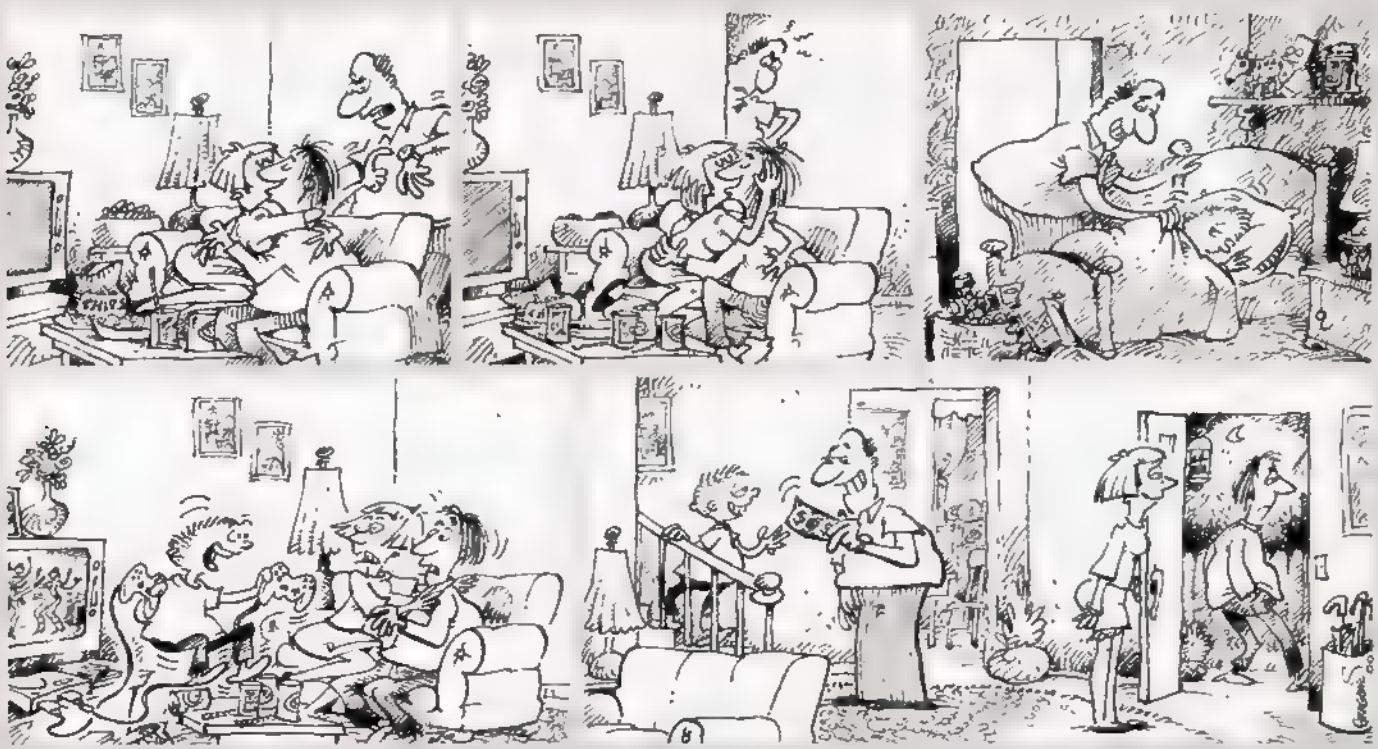

BABY PHOTOS

CONDOMS
DRIVING SCHOOL

CLEANING SERVICE





In earlier issues we've documented the deaths of the Energizer Bunny, Spuds MacKenzie and numerous other merchandising characters. Now, a new crop of corporate mascots has emerged, and MAD is more than willing to commemorate their passing with...

STILL MORE OBITUARIES for MERCHANDISING CHARACTERS

JUAN VALDEZ, 41, DIES IN COLOMBIA

Juan Valdez, a Colombian coffee worker, collapsed and died today while picking beans. He was 41, though years of working in the fields made him look much older.

"The plantation owners worked him fourteen hours a day, seven days a week under a blazing sun," said a co-worker, who refused to give his name out of fear of losing his job.

It is believed that Valdez, who was paid eleven dollars a month, required at least twenty cups of coffee per day to stay awake and keep pace on the job. This diet led to coffee nerves, then to "caffeine frenzy," a common killer among Colombian coffee workers.

In recent years, Valdez was forced to keep up with the demand for more exotic coffees, such as Mocha Valencia, Espresso Con Panna and Narino Supremo. These added pressures led to his collapse and death.

Valdez is survived by his donkey, Pablo, his wife, Maria and fourteen children, all of whom share a one-room dirt-floor hut. He was the grandson of the late El Exigente, who died under similar conditions several years ago.

In order to defray the costs of his funeral, a contribution cup will be placed at the cash register of all Starbucks nationwide.

ARTIST: SCOTT BRICHER WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

TACO BELL
CHIHUAHUA DIES OF DIGESTIVE DISORDER

The Taco Bell Chihuahua died today from a severe digestive disorder, brought on by a lifetime diet of tacos and burritos. A hospital spokesman

said the spicy foods caused constant heartburn and bloating and eroded the lining of his stomach.

According to friends, the last words of the spokespooch were "Yo quiero Taco Bell? Ay Chihuahua, no mas!" A company official today denied rumors that the pup's remains will be ground into burrito filling.

Funeral services will be held tomorrow. Pawbearers include Mighty Dog, Rex the Wonder Dog, Ubu, Nipper and Chipper and descendants of the late Spuds MacKenzie.

MAYTAG REPAIRMAN, 67, DIES IN REFRIGERATOR

Remains of the Maytag Repairman, 67, were discovered today trapped inside a refrigerator. He had been dead for several months.

"We're not very surprised," said a company executive. "Never having been called before to repair a refrigerator, he had no idea what he was doing. We'd have never known he died if it hadn't been for the wailing of his basset hound."

In a similar accident several years ago, the Maytag Repairman suffered broken bones and internal injuries while peering into a washer during the spin cycle.

Not surprisingly, "The loneliest man in town" leaves no survivors. His funeral will be private with none expected to

attend. He will be buried in an unmarked grave.

"He'd have wanted it that way," the executive said.

BETTY CROCKER DEAD AT 88

Baking legend Betty Crocker, 88, died today while undergoing her eleventh face-lift in fifty years.

"We thought the procedure would be a piece of cake," said a hospital spokesman, "but it turned out to be a recipe for disaster. She developed an untreatable yeast infection and soon we couldn't get a rise out of her. I guess it was one of those half-baked operations that just didn't pan out."

Crocker left no survivors. Her adopted son, the Pillsbury Doughboy, died several years ago in MAD issue 274.

Crocker's body has been taken to a local funeral home where she will be cremated in an oven preheated to 350 degrees.

PIZZA EMPEROR LITTLE CAESAR *ASSASSINATED*

Little Caesar, of "Pizza, pizza" fame, was assassinated in his toga on the Ides of March, it was learned today. The self-styled pizza emperor was stabbed twice with a double-edged sword by co-workers fed up with his double-talk.

Caesar, 22, had recently recovered from a severe case of beriberi, suffered when he doubled over in pain while dancing the cha-cha after dining on mahi-mahi in Bora Bora, according to doctors who treated him for double pneumonia after performing a double heart bypass complicated by a double hernia.

Funeral services will be held in Walla Walla. Pallbearers include Zsa Zsa Gabor, Boutros-Boutros Ghali, Dee Dee Myers, members of Duran Duran, and Toni and Tony of the group Tony Toni Toné.

PETS.COM SOCK PUPPET FOUND DEAD AT LOCAL LAUNDROMAT

The beloved Sock Puppet, spokesdog, er, sock, er, puppet for the Internet pet supply seller Pets.com was declared dead today after his woolen body was found behind the dryer. The smart-aleck canine had been missing since Tuesday when he was mistakenly tossed in with a basket of dirty clothes headed for the Laundromat. A Pets.com executive said, "It's tragic, but hey, everyone loses a sock in the laundry now and then, right?"

Company attempts to replace Sock Puppet with a calf-length argyle in their commercials have not been met with enthusiasm. "Let's face it, this new guy has no socks appeal," said Gary Manfish, president of the Sock Puppet Fan Club.

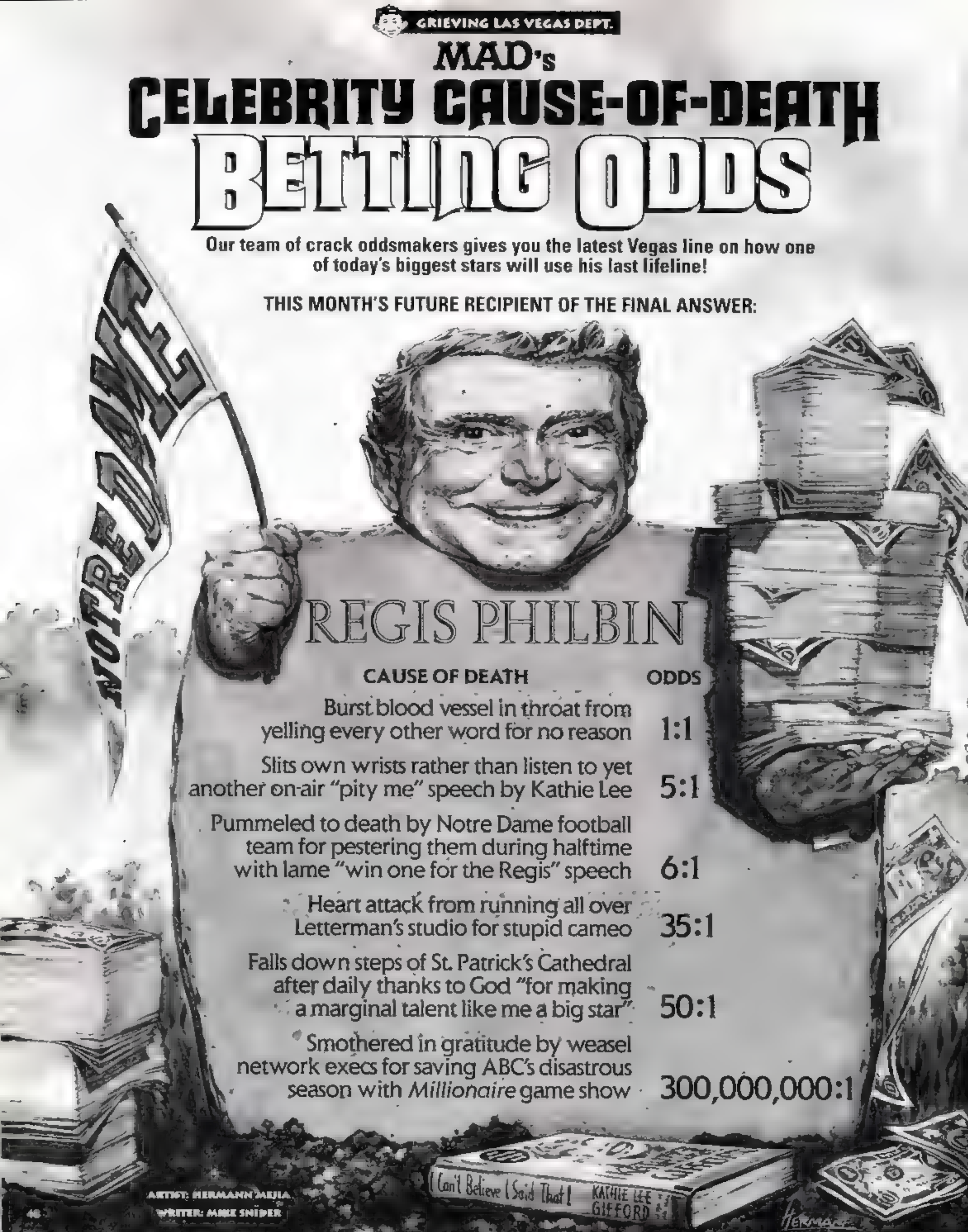
Funeral arrangements have not yet been finalized. Sock Puppet is survived by a Right Hand who has remained in seclusion in a pants pocket since hearing the tragic news.

GRIEVING LAS VEGAS DEPT.

MAD's CELEBRITY CAUSE-OF-DEATH BETTING ODDS

Our team of crack oddsmakers gives you the latest Vegas line on how one of today's biggest stars will use his last lifeline!

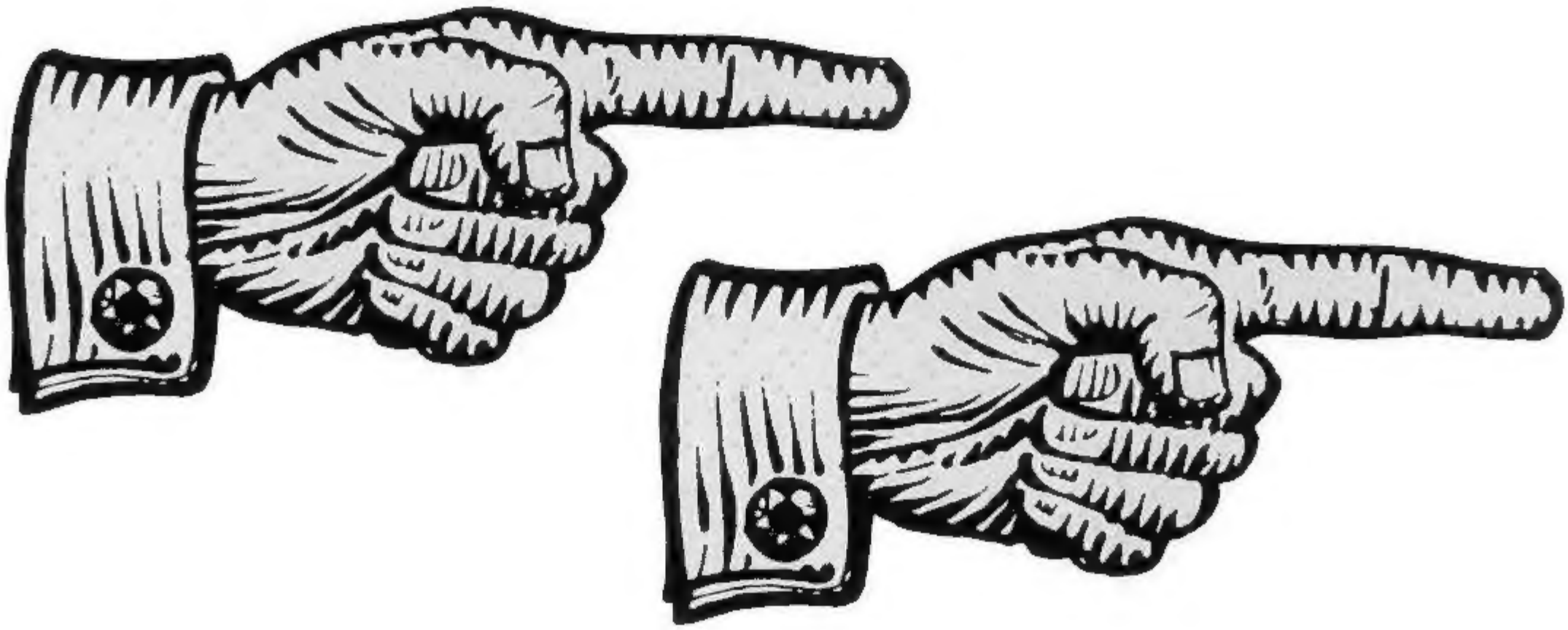
THIS MONTH'S FUTURE RECIPIENT OF THE FINAL ANSWER:



REGIS PHILBIN

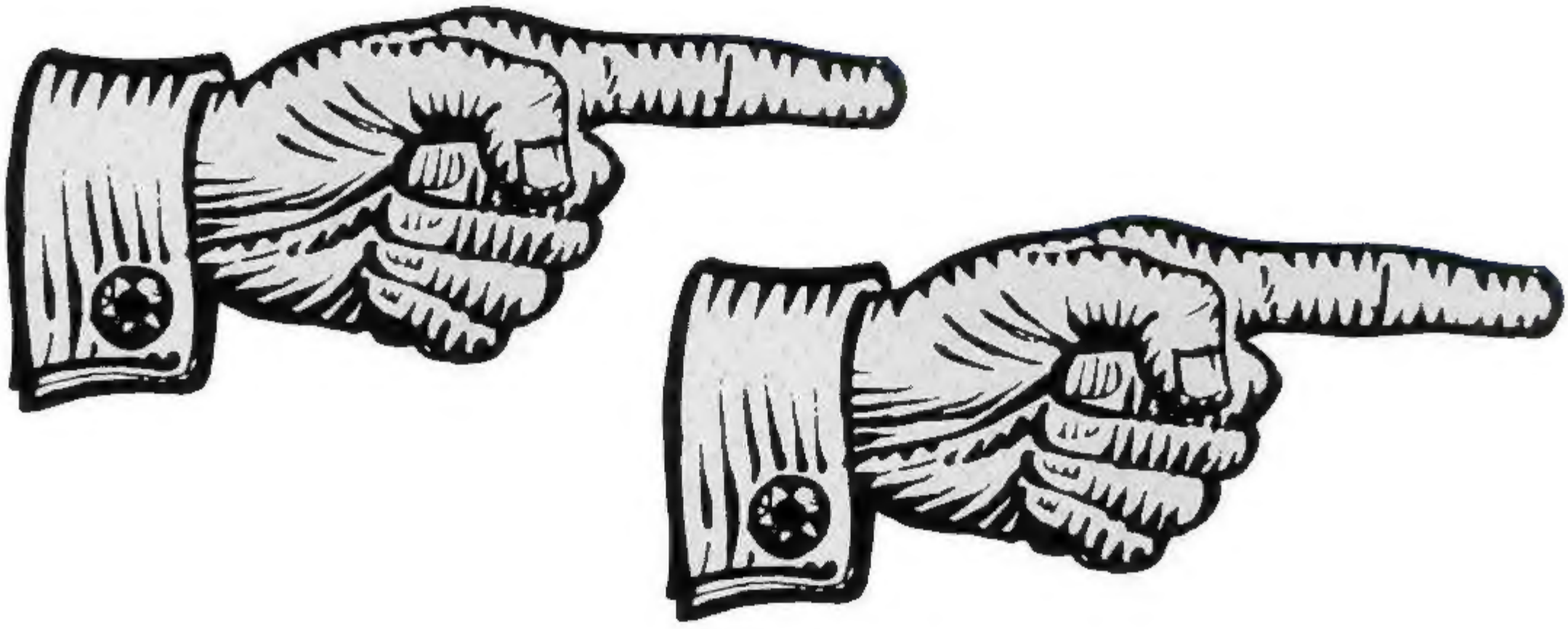
CAUSE OF DEATH	ODDS
Burst blood vessel in throat from yelling every other word for no reason	1:1
Slits own wrists rather than listen to yet another on-air "pity me" speech by Kathie Lee	5:1
Pummeled to death by Notre Dame football team for pestering them during halftime with lame "win one for the Regis" speech	6:1
Heart attack from running all over Letterman's studio for stupid cameo	35:1
Falls down steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral after daily thanks to God "for making a marginal talent like me a big star"	50:1
Smothered in gratitude by weasel network execs for saving ABC's disastrous season with *Millionaire* game show	300,000,000:1

ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA
WRITER: MIKE SNIDER



Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT ROCKER IS EVERYONE SICK OF LISTENING TO?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Nothing is more pathetic than a performer whose time has come and gone but who continues to linger on the public stage singing the same sad songs. To find out who just about everyone is tired of listening to, simply fold page in as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"

ROCK HITS OF YESTERYEAR
I HOLD YOU IN MY ARMS ★ LOVE IS NEVER TOO LATE
FAT MAN SINGS THE BLUES ★ BALLAD FOR LOVESICK DONKEYS
QUESTIONS I DARE NOT ASK ★ THERE ARE NO OTHERS
AIMING TO WIN YOU ★ SAY THOSE THREE LITTLE WORDS
JEALOUSY CONSUMES ME ★ CHICKS ARE FRAIL BIRDS
UNWORTHY OF YOU ★ IN PRAISE OF OPEN MINDED MOMS
PURE LOVE SUCKS ★ BABE'S SUPPLE HAIR
MAJ FROM MD
S.T.
C.L.
BRUCE
FD

TODAY'S FANS WOULD RATHER HEAR A JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH ORATORIO THAN LISTEN TO THE UNPLEASING SOUNDS FROM SOME ROWDY PRIMA DONNA. NOTHING MAKES FANS SICKER

A B

ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE

WHAT ROCKER IS EVERYONE SICK OF LISTENING TO?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"

JOHN

ROCKER

A B

MAGNETIC PERSONALITY

ARTIST: TOM BUNK WRITER: MICHAEL GALLAGHER